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SUNNY AUSTRALIA

IMPRESSIONS OF THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

To

ADRIAN KNOX

VIEW FROM THE HILLS NEAR ADELAIDE.

[*Frontispiece.*

SUNNY AUSTRALIA

IMPRESSIONS OF THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

BY

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE REID, K.C.M.G.

HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

THE Commonwealth is not only large in area, but it possesses many features peculiar to itself, which cannot be understood at first sight. A travelling Englishman who sets out to write a book about Australia is therefore confronted by many difficult problems. Mr. Archibald Marshall seems to have realised that fully. What he has to say of men and manners—of city and country life in Australia—is put forward with great clearness, but as impression only. His views will carry all the more weight on that account. Some very able critics on Australian affairs have lost in force what they have displayed in confidence, by printing their flying opinions as if they were the considered judgments of old colonists.

This book contains graceful acknowledgments of the kindness which Mr. Marshall received from many Australians. It can safely be said that, in this case, the kindly hospitality for

which the White Continent is famous has been well repaid by Mr. Marshall's generous appreciation.

The readers of this book will, I think, discover that Mr. Marshall can make excellent word-pictures of scenes through which he passes. He does not profess to have a thorough knowledge of Australian agriculture, and contents himself with transferring to the printed page what he saw through the eye of the trained journalist. Even those who may differ, as I do, from a few of the statements he makes, will acknowledge their friendly nature, and note with hearty approval, as I do, the high order of ability and broad spirit of friendliness which, added to his special gifts as an accurate observer, will, in my opinion, make his book a success both at home and abroad.

G. H. REID.

March 15, 1911.

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For kind permission to include certain illustrations in this volume, the author acknowledges the courtesy of Messrs. Merry & Co., Sydney, for the photograph entitled "Tree-Felling"; Mr. Beattie, Hobart, for the Tasmanian photographs; and the States Governments and private friends for a number of the other photographs.

PART I

RECOLLECTIONS

In the late summer of 1909 I went out to Australia as Special Commissioner of the *Daily Mail*, to go through the six States of the Commonwealth and write about what I saw there. Most of the chapters in the second part of this book were published in that journal, to the proprietors of which I am indebted for permission to print them here.

I

It is now nearly over a year since I returned from Australia, and it is possible, as it was not when I wrote the second part of this book, to look back upon my journeyings and sojournings in that country as one experience. And I find, as I look back, that that experience was one of pleasure, and that my five months in Australia have set a mark on my life that few other periods of travel have done. I know that I was often very uncomfortably hot, but my after-impression is not one of discomfort. I only remember that the sun shines in Australia, and that I have not seen as much of it as I could wish since I returned to England. I know that, sometimes, travelling through mile after mile of monotonous country, without a sign of human occupation, I often longed for just one glimpse of a church tower, or a little hedged-in field, or a cottage garden, or a deep-bosomed English wood—for the amenities of an old and long-settled country. But I now only remember the strange, haunting charm of the free, vast, silent spaces of the Bush,

the blue sea, the white sands, the deep purple distances shimmering in the heat-haze. I know that towards the end of my visit I was longing to find myself at home again, where my life is set, and where I belong. But now that I have been back for nearly a year and taken another long journey to another new country in the meantime, I think of the many friends I made in Australia and wish I could walk in again amongst them in some place which would be as familiar to me as any I know in England. They have that faculty of making you at home in Australia, and there are many places there—I picture them so vividly—that it is difficult to think of as beyond the distance for a week-end visit.

I know now that I am indebted for the colour of my impressions of Australia, for the sheer, sunny pleasure of them, to the people I met there. I believe that if I had gone about the country as one goes about a European country, staying in hotels, perhaps never meeting anybody to talk to who makes any impression upon one's memory, and not missing human companionship because of the surrounding beauty and interest, I should have come away with the sense of a somewhat interesting but over-lengthy task performed, and of great relief that it was at last over. I should have

been glad that I had seen Australia, and what was doing there, but should also have felt that a month in Italy or Spain would have given me more to store in my memory. For although I did find great interest at the time in all the pastoral and agricultural and other pursuits which I set out to see, yet "the land" is not one of my "subjects," either at home or abroad, and I do not find that my recollections of Australia are greatly concerned with the main object of my visit. That is why I am leaving most of the following articles, greatly compressed as they were out of a mass of available material, in the form in which they were written, instead of expanding them into a book, which any fairly experienced, globe-trotting journalist who had seen less than half of what I have seen of Australia, could write better than I could, and any well-educated Australian with a ready pen better than *he* could. The chapters are quite inadequate as a finished picture of Australia, wide as is the field they cover. They are impressions and little more; but I believe that a visitor to an unfamiliar country is better employed in recording his impressions—which have some value, for the very reason that it is unfamiliar to him and he sees it in a light that is denied to its inhabitants—than in setting himself down to translate his short experiences into

those of one who has had a long familiarity with all sides of his subject.

I find, therefore, that, concerning Australia, I have nothing of any value to add to what I have already written, but concerning the Australians I could write another book as long as this. Australians are commonly reported to possess some faults to balance their obvious virtues, but I can unashamedly confess myself blind to them. After my experience I can see only the virtues.

It is just possible that I may have been the victim of a gigantic conspiracy. The thousand or so inhabitants of the country whom I met in the course of my travels may have got together while I was on the way out, and said: "Now, this person is coming here to write about us, and for our own sakes we had better give him the time of his life. Let us make him a member of all our clubs, invite him to all our houses, take him about in all our motor-cars, give him dinners and luncheons and dances and picnics, and as many drinks as he can conveniently swallow in a climate which we must admit is a little on the warm side; let us talk to him about the things he wants to talk about; let us, in fact, treat him as a man and a brother, and then, perhaps, he will let us alone."

But I think the truth is that the Australians

have a positive genius for hospitality. I have never met with anything like it anywhere else in the world. If you are properly introduced at first you can practically go and stay in any house in the country, and for as long as you like, and they are pleased to have you. And you needn't be distinguished in any way to gain this glorious experience of perpetual welcome. It is spontaneous, born perhaps of the bountiful sun and the teeming earth, which give them all they want in such profusion that they take a delight in passing it on. It is exercised alike upon the just and the unjust; and you may hear plenty of stories of homeless vagabonds who have begged a night's entertainment from willing hosts and extended their stay to a lifetime. I know of at least two English authors, who afterwards attained fame, who were housed and fed in country stations, one for months and the other for years. And I am quite sure that their benefactors made them feel that they were conferring a boon on them by consenting to profit by their generosity. What can be more gratifying than the hospitality which not only welcomes you as a stranger, but bids you farewell as a friend? It is the sort of hospitality which you can enjoy all the time in Australia.

II

I sailed from England on August 6th in the Orient liner *Osterley*. It was her first voyage, and there were various accidents in the engine-room which delayed us considerably. Travelling overland from Adelaide, I did not reach Sydney until Friday, September 17th, when the meetings of the delegates to the Chamber of Commerce Conference were just coming to an end. They had come to Australia from all parts of the English-speaking world, and their deliberations were perhaps of less importance than the opportunities that were now to be given to them of seeing what they could of the country in the time at their disposal. I found myself plunged into a vortex of banquets and receptions and other festivities, and although these were varied for the benefit of the delegates by longer or shorter trips into the country, I soon realized that if I was to see the things I had come out to see I must break away from the overwhelming hospitality that was being showered collectively on the visitors and go here and there by myself.

And I had a hankering for the Bush. I had been in Australia twenty years before, and the memory of that deep, aromatic, sunny stillness, and the free, happy life on the big sheep and cattle stations had always haunted me. Coming

from Melbourne to Sydney by rail, I had got out of the train where one crosses the border-line between Victoria and New South Wales, in the early morning, and got a whiff of it. But I had to go with the crowd for a bit, and there were things to be done in Sydney and Melbourne before I could get free.

September in Australia is early spring, and I drove to the Union Club, where I was to stay, in a heavy downpour. But the next day it was fine, and sunny, and hot. The sky is seldom overcast for long in Sydney; and in spite of the occasional dust-storms, and in summer a too torrid heat, the traveller's recollections of Sydney must always be of a place sparkling with sunshine and blue water, where life goes pleasantly amongst surroundings enjoyed by few cities of such a size.

In no way is Australian hospitality more appreciated by the unattached male traveller than in the opening up of the clubs to him wherever he goes. He need never stay in an hotel in one of the bigger cities. The best clubs are residential, and provided the bedrooms are not all occupied by the regular members, which rarely happens, he can have one at a very reasonable charge for as long as he likes, and enjoy all the privileges of the club besides. The great advantage is that you meet there con-

veniently the greater part of the men who can help you on your way, and get to know them intimately in a surprisingly short space of time. The difficulty is not to find means of seeing what you want to see in Australia, but in choosing between the many opportunities offered you. You want to go up to a certain part of the country, and you mention your wish to one or other of your friends in the club. He will answer you something in this fashion: "Your best way will be to go to such-and-such a place and stay the night with so-and-so. His station is about twenty miles off, and he has a motor-car. He will show you round, and take you to so-and-so, about thirty miles farther on, and he will show you the rest." Perhaps one or other of the so-and-so's is in the club, for the squatters are very frequently in the cities, and in that case you will be introduced to him, and he will make everything easy for you. If not, your friend will write to him, and the invitation will follow as a matter of course. Or there may not be time for correspondence, and you will be sent up to the house of a complete stranger, with a letter of introduction and the certainty of a welcome.

The Union Club in Sydney is a large building standing in its own gardens near the business part of the city, and near the Botanical Gardens and

the various Government offices. A few of its members live there permanently, and there are always others, from up country or elsewhere, staying in it. At luncheon time it fills up with business men and others, who sit on the verandah of the big smoking-room afterwards, or in groups inside, and make a babel of talk before they go off again to their work or their pleasure. Nearly everybody knows everybody else, and where so many interests are represented the common meeting-ground adds enormously to the cohesion of a society. Politicians, lawyers, bankers, squatters, newspaper proprietors, business men, a few soldiers, the officers of the naval squadron (who are made honorary members *ex-officio*), the staffs of the Governor-General, and the State Governor, the globe-trotters—all forgather and talk amongst themselves and with each other, and the meeting is part of the daily life of most of them, although, with the growth of the city and the suburbs, this and the other big clubs are no longer in the heart of the residential quarter.

There is a table in the smoking-room round which some of the older members of the club mostly congregate, but unlike most elderly clubmen, they are always ready to regale a stranger, and will, if they are judiciously prompted, pour forth surprising stories of long-past years, when

adventures were to be had for the asking, and were, indeed, difficult to avoid by any active man who fared abroad. I heard there of the tracking of the bushrangers, in the days when those somewhat sordid gentry terrorized the country, and I heard it from the man who had tracked the last of them. I heard the dark story of the introduction of the rabbit pest from the man who had proudly helped to establish the first difficult burrow for sporting purposes. I heard tales of flood, and fire, and financial disaster, that made me think Australia a terrible country, and tales of quick prosperity that made me think of it as a magic Eden. Then they would talk of things in England as if they were sitting in a club in Pall Mall, although some of them had not been home for twenty years. It was as entertaining as any talk I have ever listened to, and the most remarkable thing about it was its high spirits, for most of the members of this little group were between seventy and eighty.

But then nobody seems to grow old in Australia. They go on with a cheery optimism, taking an immense interest in everything around them, meeting each other constantly, telling their stories and making their jokes; and at eighty, if they live so long, their mental outlook is the same as that of men twenty years younger than themselves. Later on, in

Melbourne, I had a conversation with the novelist who is known all over the world as "Rolf Boldrewood." He was eighty-four, and had begun to suffer a good deal from asthma, and struck me at first as an old man, although he did not actually look more than seventy. But when he had been talking for a little it was impossible to think of him as an old man at all. He had lived the fullest possible life, first as a squatter, then as police magistrate and warden of Goldfields in the most stirring times of Australian history, and had written his numerous books, like Anthony Trollope, in the intervals of his work, rising at three in the morning if necessary and riding perhaps fifty miles between getting up from his desk and sitting down to it again, but keeping on steadily because he had a large family to bring up, and he had discovered, somewhat to his surprise, that people liked his books and he could make money by them. He was the most modest of men, with an air of old-world courtesy that is not uncommon amongst the older generation of Australians. He told me, with simple pleasure, of a compliment Mr. Rudyard Kipling had paid him when somebody had said that he ought to write stories about Australia and he had bowed towards him and said, "But you've got Rolf Boldrewood." Whether it is

the result of the climate or not, it is remarkable how small an effect the weight of years has upon the Australian. I made friends with many old men during my travels in Australia, but never came across a grumpy one; and old men are apt to be grumpy in less-favoured countries.

III

If I write most about the people of Sydney and their hospitalities, it is not because I was not treated with equal kindness in every city I visited, but because I was there longer, at different times, and had old associations with it, and some old friends. One of these, fortunately for myself, was Mr. Arthur Allen, in whom the Australian genius for hospitality seems to have concentrated itself to such a degree that it is surprising that he finds time to do any work at all, although I believe he gets through as much as any one on the Australian continent. On turning over the pages of my diary I find myself indebted to him for a great number of very pleasant hours. He laid for me a substantial foundation of valuable acquaintances on my first evening at Sydney, when at a big conversazione at the Town Hall, for the delegates of the Chambers of Commerce, he introduced me to everybody he thought I might

like to know, and he knew as a matter of course. The next day I seem to have lunched with him, and been taken to a garden-party. The day after, which was Sunday, he called for me at the house where I had lunched and motored me to various other houses, and then to his own to dine. The day after that he brought two motor-cars round and showed Sydney and its environs to a small party of English visitors; and it was only part of this sorry scheme of things entire that after we had visited the light-house on the Heads and Botany Bay, picnicked on the banks of the Parramatta miles away, and come half-way home through the orchards and the pleasant outer suburbs, his own car should have broken down and afterwards been burnt. However, he found another one to take his party to the University that evening, where they were opening a fine new library.

Sydney is the oldest of the Australian universities, and the original building in which it was housed is one of the architectural beauties of the city. It would grace Oxford or Cambridge, and indeed is a finer building than any that were erected in either of those places at the time it was built, when architecture was at a low ebb. The architect was responsible for a few of the early public buildings of Sydney, all of them showing genius, but died young, or his name

would now be world-famed. In the noble hall of the University, full of scarlet and black gowns and bright-coloured hoods, the inaugural ceremony was carried through by the Governor, and then we were at liberty to see what admirable equipment for learning had been made in this city of the new world, and to listen to the modest words with which Professor David, who had not long since returned from the Shackleton South Polar Expedition, described some of his experiences.

A few days later, after a short journey up-country, I find myself again in Sydney and under Mr. Arthur Allen's ciceroneship. This time it was a children's party to which he motored me, at Miss Walker's beautiful house on the Parramatta river. I never saw so many pretty children gathered together in one place, or any that enjoyed themselves more. They came pouring in by motor-car, train, or river launch, some scores of them. First they searched for presents hidden all over the garden; then they slid down a canvas shoot, or went in a gaily decorated boat on a little lake. Then they had tea in a tent, and afterwards watched a conjurer. And they finished up with more presents given to them by an old woman who lived in a gigantic shoe set up on the lawn.

THE BOAT ON THE LAKE.

p. 16]

The next day again, which was Sunday, when all Sydney is either on the shores or the waters of the harbour, I motored with Mr. Allen and his cousin Mr. William Macarthur, who was for so long Liberal whip in the House of Commons and has now settled in Sydney, to Bay View, a lovely place about twenty miles from the city, but still on an arm of the harbour, where a French *chef* of one of the late Governors has a little *chalet*, on the verandah of which he serves delectable meals to Sydney's pleasure-seekers. You go through part of the great National Park, along good roads, and cross the water once or twice in ferries. You are seldom out of view of one or another branch of the harbour and often within sight of the sea, which on fine days is as blue as the Mediterranean, and breaks all up the coast in innumerable bays of white sand, surrounded by the dark and somewhat monotonous green of the Bush. On the same part of the coast, a few miles away, Mr. Allen has his own charming country-house, which he seems to keep up chiefly for lending to honeymoon couples, and for the constant entertainment of guests. I went there one Sunday during race week with a large party in a fleet of about half a dozen motor-cars. Luncheon and waitresses had been sent out beforehand from Sydney. In the afternoon we set out for

another hospitable house about thirty miles across country, and because the cars were of different speeds our resourceful host, leading the way, threw out handfuls of rice at the corners of roads, so that our expedition was of the nature of a paper-chase, and a violent "southerly-buster" coming up while it was in progress and blowing down trees here and there across the track added to its excitement.

These are the sort of entertainments which make a visit to Sydney, even when pleasure is not its main object, so memorable, and although Mr. Allen is a prince amongst Sydney entertainers he is by no means the only one, and a visitor would have no difficulty in spending most of his time, if he could afford it, in being taken about and amused in that sort of way. I came back to Sydney, after a short visit to Melbourne, to the festivities which gather round the spring race meeting, which are to Sydney as the famous meeting at which the Melbourne Cup is run for a little later, are to Melbourne, when both cities are at their gayest; but it is not necessary to be there at such times to gain an impression of gaiety, and especially of these pleasant open-air gaieties. In Sydney there is always the harbour, lying almost at the garden gates of the majority of the well-to-do inhabitants, and it is a sight to see it on a Sunday or holiday, or on

THE CHALET AT BAY VIEW.

summer evenings, spangled white with the sails of the little racing yachts and small boats, and with the great crowded ferries plying from shore to shore.

Then there are the various golf links, with their verandahed club-houses, to which people come out for tea, even if they have not been playing, and the many parks and gardens, all lying either immediately accessible to the busiest parts of the city, or within an easy tram ride; pleasure resorts, too, farther afield, but also easily accessible by tram or ferry. Sydney is a garden city on the largest scale, and a waterside garden city at that. Not only is the harbour, with its countless ramifications, always at hand, but the sands of the Pacific Ocean are hard by, and of late years the Sydney people have taken passionately to the diversion of surf bathing. The beach at such places as Bondi is black with them on summer evenings, and the pleasures of the shore are within reach of the poorest.

The prosperity of Sydney has increased rapidly within the last few years. Melbourne outstripped it in point of population at one time, but it is now considerably more populous than Melbourne, and I was told that no less than four million pounds had been spent on building during the year in which I visited it. When I was there

before, Admiralty House stood almost alone in its glory on the north shore, but it is now surrounded by suburbs, which stretch far along the shores of the harbour and a long way inland. And I remember once in those days incurring an enormous cab fare to enable me to dine at a house which stood on the very outskirts of Sydney on the southern shore of the harbour. Now, the trams run miles beyond it, and it is only one of many standing in their beautiful gardens, with the whole panorama of harbour and city, bay and point, spread out before them. I visited many of these hospitable houses, and could hardly help envying their inhabitants, for they had all the advantages of a metropolitan life, with the exhilarating pleasures of the open air, and surroundings refreshing to the eye and the mind, thrown in.

IV

If I had gone to Australia simply for pleasure, or to report principally on the pleasures of the Australians, I should have made a point of seeing the race for the Melbourne Cup, and taking part in all its concomitant gaieties; but as I was in Sydney during the race week, and wanted to get through my Queensland visit before it became too hot for comfort, I thought

SURF-BATHING.

that might suffice for an experience of Australia's favourite sport.

I know very little about racing, and am not concerning myself with any statistics in these introductory notes, which are only designed to fill out the more carefully considered chapters which follow, in the way of recalling some of the pleasant times which fell to my lot as I went about my work, and the pleasant people I met. But you cannot get away from racing in Australia even if you want to. It is part of the life of the Australians, and you need not be a rich man to own racehorses there, nor even to win the chief prizes on the turf. Every town in the country has its racecourse, and the big towns have several.

Randwick, the chief racecourse of Sydney, is said to be as well-equipped and well-managed as any in the world. Mr. Adrian Knox, the chairman of the Australian Jockey Club, and the late Mr. Clibborn, the secretary, with both of whom I had come out from England, drove me out there on the day before the spring meeting, and I saw all the admirable arrangements made for the crowd which would throng it on the morrow and for several days afterwards, and for the business of racing itself. I am afraid I have forgotten most of what I was shown and told, as I knew so little with which to

compare it; but it does remain in my mind that, in spite of the week's racing being one of the chief social functions of the year, and there being no lack of beautifully dressed women and smart-looking men on the stands, on the lawns, and in the paddock, it was a democratic festival as well, and that the smart people and the people who are not at all smart were much more mixed up than they would be at an English race-meeting.

This is all in accordance with Australian national feeling. There was a box in the centre of the grand stand for the vice-royalties, and they had their rooms behind, in which they entertained their guests at luncheon and tea; and the stewards of the Jockey Club had their luncheon-room, and I think a small private stand. But there was no enclosure into which admission was by privilege, and I was told that the Jockey Club, although the whole place was their property, had not been able to withstand popular feeling to the extent of reserving any further part of the ground or buildings for the use of their members. Australian democracy does not apparently object to being divided up in a semi-public place amongst those who can pay for certain privileges and those who can't; but it expects its ten shillings, or whatever the sum is, to admit it into every privilege that can be

granted, and holds out firmly against the granting of further privileges that cannot be bought for money.

Unless one is more interested in the business of the meeting than I was, or backs a few winners, which I didn't, there is not much to be said for the races as a social function. The trams run right inside the gates of the course, which is partly surrounded by houses; and one misses the experience of a day's outing, and the environment of such places as Epsom or Ascot, or still more of Newmarket or Goodwood. The lawns are quite shadeless, and there is nowhere to sit about except in the crowded stands. Still, there are the people, and the talk, and the speculation, and the luncheon-parties and tea-parties, and all the bustle and vociferation of the ring—and, of course, the horses, if you know about horses. But when you think about horses in connection with a race-meeting you are not considering it in the light of a social gathering, and that is the only side of a race-meeting which I am competent to criticize.

On one of the racing-days I forsook the pleasures of Randwick, and went instead to the Eight Hours' Celebration and Sports at the Agricultural Ground, not far away. Here was democracy undiluted, and a very heart-

ening sight it was, for of all the thousands of people on the ground—workmen nearly all of them, with their wives and families—there were none who looked poor or ill-fed or ill-dressed, and the prosperity of a country which, in spite of all that may be said, is a workman's paradise, stood revealed. They have already reached that ideal of which this public holiday, with its great procession and open-air celebration, was the commemoration—eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' play—and they have added to it in many occupations the further clause of eight shillings a day as a living wage. They have power, too, and are not using it ill on behalf of their country, although they still have something to learn as to their responsibilities, and are a little jealous of admitting their brethren not so well off as themselves from overseas into a share of their good things. One of their leaders said to me on that day, as we looked at the crowded, merry scene, and I remarked on their obvious prosperity, "Yes, you can tell them at home that we're well off, but don't let them think there's room for a lot more." Perhaps he was right in a measure concerning the cities, but the same thing is said too often about work on the land, where there is room for millions more; and Australia cannot fill its rightful place as

one of the greatest countries in the world unless all classes recognize that and work for it, as the wisest of them are already doing.

Dinner-parties, theatre-parties, and public and private balls are crowded into the evenings and nights of this festival of race week. I wished I had been a bit younger for the sake of the dances: they were so well done, and there were so many beautiful people I might have danced with. The Australian women have had so many compliments paid to the remarkably high level they keep up in the matter of good looks that I need not do more than cordially subscribe to all that has been said in their praise. The young girls especially are lovely, with their slim grace and delicate complexions. And they are entirely English-looking, without any of the languor that one might expect as a result of the climate, and with none of the nervous delicacy of the Americans. Perhaps they lose their early freshness sooner than English girls, but they make handsome women, and to the male eye, at least, the well-to-do among them are as well dressed as any women in the capitals of the world.

I went to a ball on the flagship, which lies in the harbour within a short distance of the quays. The naval squadron counts considerably in the social life of Sydney, and its officers are always

ready to return the many hospitalities showered upon them. It is no more trouble to dine on one of the ships than at a house on shore, for the time it takes to get there; and the only criticism I have heard of the Australian station, from the naval point of view, is that it is difficult to find time for any work beyond the necessary daily duties.

But the prettiest ball of any I went to was one given at this time by the Governor-General's staff at Government House, which brings me to what is a pleasant subject for the globe-trotter to remember—the functions and hospitalities of the Governor-General and the six State Governors of Australia.

V

Since the federation of the six States, the Governor-General has had assigned to him the two Government Houses at Sydney and Melbourne, and in each case the State Governor has been housed in a once privately owned house in the suburbs. The Melbourne Government House is a great barrack of a place, somewhat resembling Osborne, built at great expense in the prosperous times of the Victorian goldfields, and it was impossible for the State Governor to keep it up unless he was prepared to spend a great

deal of money beyond his official salary. He is better off with a less ambitious establishment, and both the Governor of Victoria and the Governor of New South Wales have charming country-houses as well as their metropolitan ones.

Australia seems to have developed a new ideal for a State Governor of late years, and it must be a somewhat arduous one to live up to. In the case of New South Wales and Victoria, where the Governor-General has his official residences, the State Governor has been, since the federation, somewhat eased of the burden of lavish entertaining, although he does his abundant share: but apart from his official work, which is heavier than might be supposed, and the innumerable public engagements he has to fill, he is expected to take a keen interest in the various interests of his State and in its development; and he usually responds nobly to the expectation. Lord Chelmsford, who had just exchanged the Governorship of Queensland for that of New South Wales when I reached Australia, told me about certain developments of agriculture and certain parts of the country which were then being opened up in a way which showed his keen interest in the subject and his complete mastery of it. Needless to say, he had been over the ground himself, and indeed it is sur-

prising what an amount of sometimes arduous travelling the Australian Governors put in during the year, as a matter of course. Lord Chelmsford is the ideal of an Australian State Governor. He is clever, young, good-looking, athletic,—he played cricket for Oxford,—takes a serious view of his duties, and works hard at them. He ought to rise in future years to the highest places in the service of the Empire.

To mention a few of the others: Admiral Sir Day Bosanquet, Governor of South Australia, is one of the sailor-governors of whom Australians are particularly fond,—the memory of the late Admiral Sir Harry Rawson is almost idolized in New South Wales. South Australia is opening up new wheat lands faster than any State, and Sir Day Bosanquet, when I was in Adelaide, told me as much about them as if he were his own Minister of Lands, and had nothing else to occupy himself with. He had only been in the State a year, but he had already travelled into the northern desert, and, besides other journeys, had made a long camping-trip through little-travelled country, and himself discovered a fine new harbour where the future golden wealth of that district will probably be tapped for the benefit of the world.

During the ten days I spent in Tasmania the Governor was away with some of his Ministers

travelling round the island, and I did not see him. Sir Gerald Strickland, Governor of Western Australia, who had been Governor of Tasmania, talked to me for the whole of one evening about Australian affairs, and showed that they chiefly occupied his mind.

These men are far from being mere figure-heads, playing at royalty; and if men of the right stamp are sent out to govern the Australian States, it will be long before the talk which one sometimes hears of doing away with the State Governors and centralizing the whole business of government is fulfilled. In their several States they are naturally the head and centre of so many things, quite apart from the social life of the capital cities, which culminates at the Government Houses; and if they interest themselves, as they are doing, in what interests the people of their States, they can do much for their advantage.

There is no doubt, however, that the social side of an Australian Governor's activities is the one that is most in evidence. Besides innumerable private hospitalities, which my pleasant experiences go to show are most generously offered to visitors from beyond the sea, he and his lady are always giving dinners and balls and garden-parties and other entertainments, which—for such is the way of the world—those who

have an indubitable right to be asked take as a matter of course, those who are on the fringe will sometimes take surprising liberties to attain to, and the rest of the populace views with complaisant indifference. The Government House list is a serious matter, and takes a good part of the time of an able-bodied aide-de-camp to adjust and manipulate. It is the penalty of official or semi-official entertaining that it arouses as much envy and heart-burning as pleasure; but it is rather hard on those who spend as a rule considerably more than their official income in feeding and amusing people, and must set up some standard of limitation, that it should be so.

These delicate affairs are managed, in the case of the Governor-General's very numerous entertainments, by His Excellency's Chamberlain, Lord Richard Nevill, who might have been born into the world for that purpose alone, so whole-heartedly does he bring all his gifts and faculties to bear on it. He has been on the Staffs of various Governors and Governors-General in Australia for many years, and knows to a nicety exactly whom to ask to what, and how to treat them when they get there, as well as how to keep off over-anxious but unsuitable applicants with the minimum of distress to their feelings. He will work far into the night and

forgo any form of relaxation in times of stress, and his consumption of stationery is only less phenomenal than his skill in the use of the telephone. He will take infinite trouble to help people on their way, and combines a simple kindness of heart with a pleasant ease of manner which make him a deservedly popular figure in Australian society and one that will be a good deal missed when he comes to return to England permanently.

The Governor-General himself has a somewhat difficult position to fill. Lord Dudley was Viceroy of Ireland, and has introduced into Australia something of the atmosphere of a Viceregal Court, which I gathered was not so much in evidence under the previous Governors-General. He is personally popular with all those who come in contact with him, and could hardly be otherwise, for his geniality and courtesy are innate and unfailing, and the most ferocious democrat could not charge him with setting himself up on a pinnacle of superiority. But there is a curious strain of public opinion in Australia, not to be found amongst the wealthier and better-educated and more-travelled class, but finding vent in such papers as the very widely read *Bulletin*, which dislikes every form of ceremonial of whatever kind, and covers it with rather childish ridicule, expressed sometimes in

an amusing way and sometimes very offensively. It is put forward as an expression of sturdy democratic feeling, but it seems to be rather a flogged-up faith in democracy which affects, for instance, to regard every bestowal of an honour from the Crown as an indelible disgrace on the recipient, and so squirms at the very idea of seeing a title in cold print that it is forced to refer to ladies whose husbands have one as "Mrs."

One has to go back a good many years in this country to find anything to equal the callous lack of chivalry with which the *Bulletin*, and other Australian papers without its compensating virtues, permit themselves to write about women, and even young girls, who are more or less in the public eye; and this mischievous lack of finer feeling in something that really does matter in life, whether it is lived under monarchical tyranny or the most advanced socialism, largely discounts the persistently fostered dislike of any sort of State or ceremonial symbolism. Still, the feeling does exist, and crops up in curious ways, and the Governor-General of Australia, who surrounds his office with the ceremonial which more sophisticated parts of the British Empire would regard as adding dignity to it, has to run the gamut of a kind of criticism which must sometimes be irritating

from its sheer unreasonableness and futility. However, it does not appear to have much irritated Lord Dudley, who goes on his *debonair* way, adding to his State functions a very human companionability, and sometimes surprising the populace by showing himself as a man with a firm grasp of intellect and unusual oratorical powers.[1] He had made a speech on the evening before I arrived in Sydney at a banquet given to the Chambers of Commerce delegates which everybody was talking about.

And Lady Dudley, besides acting as a gracious hostess in her innumerable public and private hospitalities, leads the way in all the good works in which Australian women busy themselves.

Each State-Governor has in his household three or four aides-de-camp and private secretaries, generally young men who come out with him, or to him, from England; and the Governor-General has a larger staff still. It is needless to say that they are much in demand for all social functions, and the ball to which I went in Sydney was given by the Governor-General's Staff as a return for some of the hospitality showered upon them. There were only about a hundred and fifty guests, as far as I remember, and the pretty but not very

[1] Lord Dudley has recently resigned the Governor-Generalship of Australia.

large ballroom was not crowded, as it is apt to be on less intimate occasions. There was a *cotillon*, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. It was difficult to realise that one was thousands of miles away from England, in a country which some people still think of as beyond the bounds of civilization. I was always having to remind myself of that fact, wherever I went in Australia. English life persists there in a remarkable way, and is—certainly in cities like Melbourne and Sydney—less provincial than life in most of the cities of Great Britain.

VI

The first trip I took into the country was when some thirty of the Chambers of Commerce delegates, including their chairman, Sir Albert Spicer, were taken in a special train to the Liverpool Plains, to see some of the best of the fat grazing country, and incidentally the sheep-shearing, which by that time had begun.

It was something like a twelve hours' journey, and we had a train made up of the latest pattern sleeping coaches, which are as comfortable as any to be found anywhere. All the great railways on the Australian continent are owned by the States Governments, which make a good thing of them, for Australians are as great travellers

as Americans, and a business man will think as little of going from Adelaide to Brisbane—a three nights' journey—as we should of the journey from London to Edinburgh. The trains are often uncomfortably full, and to find oneself boxed up for the night in a narrow compartment with three other passengers, and nowhere to go but into the passage or a tiny washing-place while the berths are being made up, is a frequent experience unless you book well beforehand. But the newer type of carriage is divided chiefly into compartments containing two berths and washing accommodation, and these are as satisfactory as any form of travelling accommodation, and much more so than the long open day-and-night carriages which are the rule on the American continent. In this matter, also, Australia follows, for the most part, English example.

In spite of the length of most of the journeys, dining-cars are the exception. I think I am right in saying that there is only one exception —in the run between Melbourne and Sydney. You get off the train at some station and crowd into a big room for your meal, which, in the case of dinner, is generally cut rather short in point of time. These meals are generally good, in a plain and plentiful way, and the girls who serve them invariably quick and obliging. In fact, I believe the Australian waitress to be the best in

the world. She has no idea that she is engaged in menial work, but ministers to the wants of mankind in a friendly, solicitous style which earns his gratitude, but not often anything else, for she is, as a rule, above taking a tip, and will refuse it if it is offered.

Most of the guests of the New South Wales Government on this trip were seeing the Australian bush for the first time. We started in the late afternoon, and had sight of the wooded shores and various indentations of the harbour and the beautiful Parramatta river before dusk fell. But that is not the Bush, although it is called so.

We woke up to it. We had arrived some time in the night at Werris Creek, and when I opened my eyes we were at a standstill on a siding.

Here was the Bush—the wide, flat landscape of all shades of brown and purple shot with vivid spring green, the bright sun, the heavenly freshness of the morning air, filled with indescribable scents from the soil and the vegetation, the brooding stillness, broken only by the fluting of the Australian magpie, most musical of all bird sounds. I never felt happier than at that moment. The fascination of it came upon me with a rush, and I was suddenly twenty years younger.

This fascination of the Australian bush is one of the most contradictory of sensations. You love it and hate it at the same time. In fact, I do not believe that you ever feel it consciously except at that hour of miraculously virginal dawn, or at nightfall, or in the night itself, when the great southern moon silvers it with mystery. I believe that an Englishman who has been seized in the depths of his being by the verdurous charm of his own country must always long for that, even when he is in Australia for a short time; and I know that if he is there for years his longing becomes poignant. And yet when you have left it behind you, and have all the beauties of England at your door, the thought of the bush thrills you. I suppose it is, in its essence, the call of the wild. But it is not all that.

We breakfasted at Werris Creek, and went on through rich grazing country to Boggabri. We were on the black soil plains, where the earth is so rich that wheat sown in it fails, I suppose through indigestion. But other suitable crops would grow luxuriantly, and probably in a few years' time this country will be occupied by smaller holdings, and the sheep will be driven farther back, as is the case in so many districts where they once held undisputed sway.

I suppose to most of my English readers the phrase, "rich grazing country" calls up visions of deep green pastures dotted with cattle or sheep, divided by hedges, shaded here and there with green trees. But the rich grass country of Australia is very different. To the English eye there is little, except after good rain, to distinguish it from the poorest. I overheard two fellow-guests—business men from some northern English town, grumblers at everything that wasn't exactly as they had been used to have it—criticizing the country through which we were passing in no measured terms. "Well, they may call it beautiful country if they like," said one, "but it's as oogly as sin."

Well, it was undoubtedly beautiful country, from the point of view which an Australian uses in talking of country as good or bad, in that the soil was of marvellous fertility. And, to the unsympathetic eye it was as undoubtedly ugly. There were few signs even of animal life, and scarcely any of human life. There were the brownish plains, the gaunt skeletons of dead trees, the dull, shadeless monotony of the living ones, no water, no signs of spring in rampant growth of bud or flower, no verdure that we should call verdure, and, of course, no solace to the mind in any tale of long-rooted life, told so pleasantly in an old country by thatch, or tile,

or mellow brick, church tower or spire, road or winding lane. If there came in view any habitation of man, it was hideous with galvanized iron and meanly planned woodwork, set in the bare ground, with nothing to redeem its ugly bareness. No; it was not a beautiful country, unless one took pleasure in the colours, like those of an early English water-colour drawing, the by-now hot sun, and the limitless distance. Already the mind was going back from that early impression of the fresh dawn, and sinking into weariness at the heat and the bareness. And yet it needs an effort of memory to recall the weariness. The inexplicable attraction makes itself felt. It is there, and it was there all the time.

It was on the great sheep-run of Mr. Kerr-Clark, one of the old-established kings of the soil, that we were to see the shearing. He was waiting for us at the railway station with his manager, who was also his son-in-law, and others, with all sorts of breaks and buggies, drawn by the hardy, rough-coated, ungroomed, grass-fed horses, which make the most efficient of Australian country turn-outs appear ramshackle concerns. However, we soon got over the two miles or so which lay between the station and the shearing-sheds—for Australian horses can move—and then we got our first sight of what

is still the greatest occasion in any of Australia's industries, a big shearing.

I have described it elsewhere—the hum of the machines, the line of bending men, the penned sheep, the racing to and fro, the piles and piles of soft wool, dirty and greasy on the outside, milk-white below, the fierce activity and sudden spell, the apparent confusion and essential order, and I was destined to see it many times as I went to and fro through the country; but on those of our party who saw it for the first time, and perhaps for the last time, it must have made an ineffaceable impression. The "boss," a tall, upright, aristocratic man of, I think, over seventy, was as fine and characteristic a specimen of the best type of old-established squatters as they could have met with anywhere. Standing in the noise and hurry of the great shed, in his riding clothes, answering questions with a fine old-fashioned courtesy, owner of all the land one could see outside and a good deal more besides, and all the many thousands of sheep that it would take this little army of men, working hard every day, some weeks to shear, one would have said of him that his life was an easy one. But, if I know anything of the breed, he could have done any job that any of the men working in that shed were doing, had done them all in his time, and a good deal besides that made

for success in wool-growing that none of them could do.

I am sorry, since we had come so far, that we could not see the home-station, which was, I think, sixteen miles away. There was a house near the shearing-shed, on the verandah of which we lunched elaborately, and listened to the inevitable speeches, watching in the meantime the long straggling lines of clean-shorn sheep, with the stockriders driving them slowly back on their days' or weeks' journeys to their distant pastures. But if the rest of the guests from over-seas had no further opportunity, as I had, of seeing the centre from which all the activity of a great sheep-station springs and to which it tends, then they missed the crown of it all.

For these homesteads are really the most characteristic expression of Australian life. The new ones share that tendency of all things Australian to become anglicized, and are just like ordinary English country-houses. But those long, rambling, one-storied wooden houses, with rooms stuck on anywhere and anyhow, except one on the top of the other, with their deep shady verandahs, and their carefully irrigated gardens, are not quite like any other type of house to be found anywhere in the world. They are the natural outcome of the requirements of their situation; they are delightful to

live in, or to stay in, and they tend to a simplicity of life, lacking nothing that makes home-life desirable, which goes well with the freedom of their surroundings and the wide interests they enshrine. If I were an Australian squatter who owned one of these old wooden houses, and had made enough money from two or three good seasons, as many of them do, to enable me to replace it by a big house of brick or stone, inside of which I could fancy myself in Hertfordshire, I would let Hertfordshire slide, and stick a few more rooms on to the old house instead. I am quite sure that many of them who have done away with their old houses and built new ones have found that they have destroyed an atmosphere which they regretted, although I am bound to say that I never came across one who acknowledged it.

Not late in the afternoon we were on the train again and on our long journey back to Sydney. We had only been a few hours off the railway, but we had seen about the most important thing that goes on in Australia.

VII

On October 7th I took train for Brisbane. This is a journey of about twenty-nine hours, and a tiring one. You change from your

sleeping-car at the border, and endure the long day's travelling that follows in a carriage with seats round all four sides, which is about the most uncomfortable form of compartment for a whole long day's journey invented by man. And the stopping places for meals are arranged at awkward times, so that you must either eat before you want to, or go hungry longer than is profitable. Given the time, I would always prefer to travel between Sydney and Brisbane by boat, which was the only way in which you *could* travel all the distance when I was in Australia before. The "floating hotels" of the P. and O. and Orient Companies now extend their journeys to Brisbane, and it is much pleasanter to go by sea. But the train journey is, of course, much shorter in point of time, and you are rewarded by some very fine scenery when you are over the border.

You cross the fertile Darling Downs, and then wind through the mountain ranges, with their ever-changing panorama of deep translucent blue, and their dizzy, precipitous peaks and gorges. You are getting up towards the tropics now, and although Brisbane is not quite half-way up the long eastern coast of Australia, and below the actual tropical belt in which Northern Queensland lies, there is a difference to be felt.

Brisbane has not yet quite emerged from the

chrysalis state of Australian cities. You could not stand in any of its streets and see nothing but buildings of dignity on either side of you. But it has some natural advantages. It is on the banks of a wide river, and the ground on which it is built is not flat. On a craggy hill of some height near the middle of the town there was a fine cathedral church being built when I was there, which is probably finished by this time, and ought to be, from its site and its architecture, the most effective church building in Australia.

And there is a sort of foreign air about the buildings not in the heart of the city, which, with the luxurious semi-tropical vegetation, forbids you to imagine yourself, as you may in the more southern cities, in an English town during a heat wave. The roofs of the houses are often painted white, with a heat-resisting paint; they are nearly all of one story and are surrounded by the indispensable verandah. They are often embowered in strange, gorgeous creepers; and palms, and immense flowering trees, unknown farther south, add to the tropical effect. I shall never forget my first sight of the famous jacaranda. It was in the garden of the Parliament House that I first saw a really fine specimen, and it nearly took my breath away. Imagine a great forest tree, one solid mass of

flowers, the colour of wistaria, standing up against a deep cloudless sky. There are no leaves to be seen, for they come later, when the blossoming time is over. The effect is startling, even more so than the bright scarlet of the flame-tree, which grows about Sydney, or the beautiful flowering gums, with trusses of blossom of all shades, that grow in Western Australia. The jacaranda is not indigenous to Australia, but has taken very kindly to the northern soil and climate, and indeed, if the desire for beautiful surroundings, which is becoming much more a feature of Australian life than it has been in the past, is encouraged, there are few countries so fortunately situated for adding to their own natural floral and sylvan possessions.

I stayed during my visit to Brisbane with my brother-in-law, Dr. W. N. Robertson, who lives at Sherwood, one of the outer suburbs, and goes in every day to his consulting-rooms in the city. Suburban life is the rule rather than the exception in most of the Australian capitals, which have by this time outgrown the stage at which it is financially sound to occupy land wanted for shops and offices with residences. Melbourne and Sydney have reached the point where people will live in blocks of flats or in terraces, so as to be at the very centre of things, but even there the majority prefer to go out farther, where they

can have gardens round their houses; and with the excellent train and tram services, and the growing use of motor-cars, little is lost and much is gained. I found many of my wife's relations congregated about this pleasant Brisbane suburb of Sherwood, and was made one of them in such a way as to make me feel I was leaving home a second time when my visit had to be brought to an end. Family ties are strong in Australia, and make themselves felt over long distances. The country is not yet so populated that relations can live within reach, and yet never see or hardly hear of one another.

I heard many stories of old days. My father-in-law, Joseph Pollard, emigrated from the north of England as a young man, and never returned, and Mrs. Pollard, a handsome, white-haired old lady, still as active and upright as a young one, was born in Australia and has never left it. She was one of the colony at Sherwood, but had spent a good deal of her life in the bush.

One family story, which I am never tired of hearing, I must take leave to repeat.

There was a faithful black retainer on the station, who went by the name of Wombat. The Australian blacks are not high in the anthropological scale, but this one had been for so long in contact with civilization and was so well dispositioned that after having been baptized

he was considered ripe for a still closer connection with mother church. So, on one of the periodical visits of the priest, Wombat was haled into the house to make his preparatory confession.

The children of the house lined up expectantly on a rail outside, and when he came out surrounded him to hear all about it.

"Well, Wombat, what did you say?"

"Oh, my not talk very much. *He* talk."

"Well, what did *he* say?"

"He say, 'Wombat, you ever stole any fowl?' and I say, 'No, father.' 'Wombat, you ever stole any turkey?' and I say, 'No, father.'" Then a broad grin overspread his face, and he ended triumphantly, "But suppose he say 'duck'! *He got me there.*"

My first trip into the Queensland bush was to Mr. Harry McConnel's station at Cressbrook, on the Brisbane river. I had come out from England with Mr. McConnel and his daughter, and had seen him in Brisbane, where he had a fine house, as well as a big office, where half his work was done.

The Australian pastoralist must have close connection with his markets in the cities, and is generally quite as capable of looking after a staff of clerks as he is of superintending his station hands in the actual work on his property. I first saw Mr. McConnel in Brisbane in his

office, where he was consulting his manager on the station seventy-five miles away over the telephone, as he did every day when he was away from it. He had other interests too in the city, but all connected with the land. When we motored to Cressbrook a day or two later, we stopped at some big meat-freezing works which he had been instrumental in starting, and which ought to lead the way in an industry very valuable to a cattle-breeding country.

Frozen mutton and lamb from Australia and New Zealand we have had in England for years, but not beef, which cannot be treated in the same way. But now they have discovered that if it is merely chilled, and kept at a low temperature during the voyage, the result is satisfactory, and these works at Redbank, near Brisbane, were erected for treating beef after the new process. It was curious to go out of the hot sun, and down into the ice-cold chambers, where men were working in a muffled-up state, which made them look like Arctic explorers, and gradually to find one's fingers and toes and ears getting painfully cold, and then to come out again into the blazing heat of mid-day.

We motored the whole five-and-seventy miles, at first over good roads, then fairly good roads, then roads that were something like roads, but

not much, and then for many miles over tracks so rocky and rutty that it seemed madness to essay them in anything on wheels. This was when we were amongst the hills. On the flat ground, although there are no metalled roads anywhere in Queensland except in and immediately round the cities, a motor-car will take sweetly to the bush tracks, except when the ground is heavy after rain, or has been ploughed up by too frequent wheels, and even a powerful one of six cylinders can be used up to its capacity. But I shall never forget those miles amongst the rocks, nor the pace at which we went, nor Mr. McConnel's dexterous and energetic manipulation of the steering-wheel.

I have described Cressbrook in one of the chapters which follow. It was one of the first—I think *the* first—good station-houses to be built in Queensland, which in the forties was part of New South Wales, and it exactly answers my ideal of a house in the bush. May no future owner ever be moved to replace it with a house of brick, and may its stout timbers of hewn cedar last from generation to generation.

My host and I talked a good deal about life in Australia and life in England. He had been educated at Cambridge, and had been a good many times to and fro. He had set out on his last visit intending to take a house somewhere

in the country in England and amuse himself there for a couple of years; but had found himself back well inside of one; the daughter who had returned with him had been studying music in Germany and Russia for four years; another he had left behind in Europe; two of his younger children were to be sent in a month or two to English schools. In the case of the wealthier classes in Australia there is a constant pull both ways, and family life is a good deal broken up by it. In Australia they miss the things they can get only in Europe, and when they are over here they miss the life they lead in Australia. I visited a good many big houses in the Australian bush, but I cannot recall one where some member of the family was not either in England, or recently returned, or talking of going "home" shortly. It is only in the cities where you find people content to stay where they are for years, perhaps even for a life-time.

And yet, for the men at least, the life is full enough. They have got far past the pioneer stage, and their homes are as comfortable as ours. And outside of them they have all the interests of the open-air life, with the added advantage of something definite and important to do. And you may add still further the interest of helping to develop a new country, which is no small one.

I suppose, in time, as the country fills up, there will grow up amongst the landowners a generation purely Australian in its tastes and sympathies; but it will not be any gain for us, for these constant comings and goings, and the sending of sons and daughters to English schools and universities, keep the bonds tight; and in no part of the English-speaking world, except perhaps in India, for a different reason, can an Englishman feel himself so much at home.

VIII

If I had been able to make any stay in Western Australia, which I was bound to visit with the rest of the States, on my way out, I should have come home by way of the Queensland coast and through the East Indian archipelago, which is one of the most interesting voyages in the world. But Brisbane is a week's journey by rail and sea from Perth, and Brisbane, as I have said, is not quite half way up the coast; so I could not spare the time to retrace my steps, and saw nothing, this time, of Northern Queensland.

But on my previous visit I had been right up the eastern coast and round through the Torres Straits to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and the impressions of that journey are still vivid,

although it was taken in the year 1889. I remember the lovely chain of islands through which we threaded our way in a coasting steamer inside the coral belt of the Great Barrier Reef; the rivers up which we steamed, with their alligators and mosquitoes and mangrove swamps; the luxurious tropical vegetation, so different from the sunburnt browns and dull greens of more familiar parts of the country; the black-fellows' camps, and the dangers from which white men are never quite free in their minds; the pearl fisheries; the sugar-growing, then worked by Kanaka labour; the tales of my fellow-voyagers, most of them commercial travellers; and many other things quite different in colour and texture from anything I had an opportunity of seeing last year.

But even in those days, before coloured labour was banished from Australia, there was a distinct tendency to assimilate life to European standards in a way out of place in a tropical country, and in spite of the growth in prosperity during the interval, which is as much marked in Queensland as in any State of the Commonwealth, the whole of Northern Australia suffers from it.

It is only fair to say that there is a strong body of opinion which denies that the tropical parts of Australia are unsuited for white occupa-

tion, which means white labour, and it is certain that a great deal of white labour goes on there, although not enough to deal adequately with its rich resources. But there is no such thing as *cheap* white labour, and under the policy of a "White Australia" it has yet to be proved that the riches of the north can be satisfactorily developed. It is a problem that must work itself out, but it is pretty certain that any movement for reintroducing black or yellow labour will be successfully resisted for as long as any one can see ahead; and if the extreme north of Australia cannot be properly developed by white men working with their own hands, it will be left much in its present state.

I went north by rail as far as Bundaberg to see the sugar plantations and mills, of which I have already written, and that was as far north as I got.

But I had a memorable journey out west. I was particularly anxious to see the working of the artesian bores, which have done so much to increase the value of millions of acres of land in the almost rainless interior.

Dr. Robertson and I set out at two o'clock one afternoon and arrived at our destination at four o'clock the next afternoon. We talked sheep and grass and water with our fellow-travellers nearly the whole way, and heard end-

less tales of ruin brought by the last great droughts and fortunes made since. We stayed a short time at Charleville, and saw its spouting bore, which throws up an immense volume of water thirty feet or more into the air, and can be turned on or off like a water-main in a London street.

Charleville is the centre of the well-known Bush Brotherhood of the Church of England, whose members are about as successful in tackling the problems of the scattered population of the West as any religious organization, even the ubiquitous Church of Rome. They are for the most part men of good English families, well-equipped for a life of constant activity. One of them, who looked as if he had not long since left Oxford or Cambridge, was in another part of our train as we went on, now in a southerly direction. I only saw him as he got out at a siding and walked down the platform, carrying his saddle, with nothing in dress to distinguish him from a bushman except his clerical collar, or I should have asked him questions. It was to Charleville that the late Canon Eyton came after the tragic wreck of his life in England, and they still speak of him there with respect and affection.

Mr. Dove, the manager of Dillallah station, met us at the siding with his buggy and drove

us out. He had only expected one of us, but, needless to say, we were doubly welcome, both to himself and his wife, because we were two. Mr. Dove is a man large in stature and in heart. Englishmen of social eminence travelling in Australia are often sent up to him to entertain, and must come away with a good impression of station life out West, and the sort of men who direct it. And the wild duck which have been attracted to this country by the artesian irrigation have brought at different times to Dillallah vice-regal parties, who camp near the station and enjoy fine sport.

Dillallah, again, is a typical old-fashioned homestead. The main part of the house stands in its irrigated garden, which is kept in wonderful order by a Chinaman—one of the now dwindling number of those who were in the country before the law was passed excluding coloured immigrants. The dining-room and the rooms for bachelor guests, and for the manager, are under another roof, and the office under a third. All are surrounded by the inevitable verandah, on which life is almost entirely lived in the hot parts of the country. If I remember right, the chief one was enclosed partly by mosquito netting, and there was in another part of the garden a mosquito-proof chamber raised on piles, like a gigantic meat safe.

One would say that life would be intolerable for women in such a country as this. The heat during the day is so great that it is burdensome to do anything but sit still in a chair; provisions are difficult to get and difficult to keep, and the same may be said of servants. The mosquitoes and flies and ants are a never-ending pest. Green tree-frogs get into the house and may be found sticking to the walls of the rooms under the pictures. Amongst vegetable pests is the irritating bindeyi burr, which runs all over the ground, and if it is caught in one's clothes, works its minute prickles into the skin, so that it is almost impossible to get rid of them.

Yet in this remote place Mrs. Dove had made a pleasant home, and had staying with her, while we were there, three other ladies, who did not appear to find life in any way insupportable. It is wonderful what discomfort educated women will put up with in the Australian bush, and give up nothing of what they can possibly keep to in the refinements of life.

I have described our visit to the bore. And I remember with pleasure our return to a refreshing evening swim in a big water-hole of the river, like a long lake, just at the foot of the garden. The water seemed to lie in layers, some tepid and some comparatively cold. It was a

relief to see the sun go down in a gorgeous sky behind the trees on the banks, and to go back to dine and sit out in the garden afterwards in the few hours of the day in which life seems worth living in these regions—at least to those unacclimatized to them.

IX

A few days later a party of us went down the river and across the great bay to the penal settlement on the island of St. Helena, and to the other island, called Dunwich, where a paternal Government keeps about eleven hundred old men and women in a sort of pauper's paradise.

However gratifying it may be to think of the aged failures of the State living in one of its beauty spots, it is sad that another of them should have to be given up to its malefactors. And there was a third settlement, in sight of which we passed, which awakens sadder thoughts still, for in it the lepers are segregated.

This dreadful disease is fortunately rare; but one heard of heart-rending cases of children who, under the perhaps necessary law for keeping it at bay, had to be taken from their homes and set down to make what they could of their poor little lives amongst their fellow-victims in this place, so dreadful in spite of its natural beauty.

It hardly bears thinking of, much less writing about.

The prisoners are much better off. They are employed in the open air, tilling the ground and looking after the stock, or in occupations in big, light, airy workshops, and seemed to be on excellent terms with their warders.

Dunwich, where the old men and women are housed, is a model settlement of its kind. We went first into a great hall, where the ladies of our party played and sang to such of the old men who cared to listen to them, and afterwards to that part of the grounds where the pensioners who have been used to the Bush all their lives are permitted to house under canvas. This provision for the happiness of old people with no crime laid to their charge except that of poverty is, I think, highly creditable to the authorities. The rows of little tents under the trees, all furnished with far more attention to comfort than any real bushman's shelter that ever I came across, reminded me rather of old days amongst the volunteers on Wimbledon Common. Some of them even had little gardens, and life in them ought to go pleasantly enough.

And yet so many of these old men and women looked discontented—not, I am sure, because of anything left undone that could have been done for them in their situation, but simply because

the desire of every man is for freedom and independence in life; and age does not lessen it. There must have been more stories amongst the old people we saw that day than could be written in a book. The old man who drove a wagonette down to the steamer to meet us had once won the big prizes in the Melbourne Cup Sweep—some thousands of pounds—and had lost it all at Monte Carlo. There were old squatters amongst them, men who had known the best the colony could afford; university men, no doubt, and army men, men of good English families, who had come out years before with the intention of carving their fortunes out of the rich new country. All of them had failed, all of them, whatever their origin, looked much the same, and to none of them was there much to look forward to, except a windfall in the way of extra tobacco.

Still, this institution is one that the State may well be proud of. Nowhere else have I seen so sympathetic and on the whole so successful an attempt made to cope in the mass with the problems of age and poverty.

X

On my way back from Queensland to Sydney I stayed a night with Mr. R. C. Ramsay at his

station on the Darling Downs. He met me with a six-cylinder Napier car, which is a rather remarkable vehicle to find in a place where there are no roads to speak of, although the lack of them was not apparent, for when the ground is hard and there are no ruts the Bush affords pretty good going.

Mr. Ramsay was a famous cricketer in his time. He is rather short, wears round spectacles, and is one of the most modest and retiring of men. I was told the following story about him, but cannot vouch for the strict accuracy of all the details. He was on his way home to England, and some of the passengers got up an eleven to play a match at Colombo during the day spent there. They chose ten players, and were wondering where they were to get the eleventh from, when somebody suggested that they should ask "goggles" if he had ever played cricket, and when he said he had, they invited him to join the side.

The ship's side went in and knocked up a good score, Ramsay being sent in last. Then the Colombo side went in and did great things with the bowling, which was not strong. It was changed and changed, and at last in desperation somebody suggested that "goggles" should be asked to take the ball. He did so, and dismissed the rest of the batsmen for half a dozen runs.

After this feat inquiries were set on foot, and when it was discovered that "goggles" had played for Harrow and Cambridge and the Gentlemen of England, they went away and began to think it all over.

Mr. Ramsay's is a cattle station, and when the King and Queen were in Australia as Duke and Duchess of York their train was stopped where the line runs through the paddocks, and the gentlemen in attendance had a great time helping to round up a mob of cattle that had been driven down for the purpose.

We motored to Toowoomba the next morning, and I caught the train on from there. Toowoomba is situated on a spur of the mountains, and the views are magnificent, over wide blue valleys, hills, and gorges. No other inland town that I visited has anything like the natural beauty of this one.

The next day and night I spent with relations at Warwick, which is the other important town of the fertile Darling Downs region. It is a pleasant town, with wide streets, and bungalow-looking houses standing in flowery gardens; and there are orchards round it, besides wheat land and grazing-land.

It was at Warwick that I paid my first visit to one of those admirable Government farms which the Australian States all support for

experimental purposes. I remember wading through an immense number of patches of different kinds of wheat, inspecting merino sheep, and hearing a great deal about the different grasses which are gradually being introduced into the various grazing districts, and in some cases are altering the look of the country altogether.

I remember, too, seeing a young man mowing down some tall grass and making, even to my inexperienced eyes, a difficult job of it. He had been an engraver in London and had just come out to learn to work on the land, and, I hope, to grow rich on it. The superintendent of the farm, a practical Yorkshireman, with a great enthusiasm for his work, told me that he would rather have a man like that, with brains and the intention of using them, than an English farm labourer who had been all his life on the land, but was generally unable to grasp the differences between farming in the old country and farming in the new.

I heard somewhere a story of an Australian landowner who wanted an English ploughman and waited for some months, until they told him at the Immigration Department that they had one coming out. When the man came up he was put to plough, and knew nothing about it whatever. The " boss " asked him where he had

learnt his job in England, and he said he had never handled a plough before. Then he asked him what he had been in England, and he said, an oculist's assistant. Probably he could plough as well as the best of them before very long.

XI

My next experience was an interesting and enjoyable one—a three days' motor trip with Mr. Wade, the then Premier of New South Wales, and Mrs. Wade, down the coast, past the site of the proposed Federal Capital, and on to the wonderful Barren Jack Dam, of which an account comes later.

Mr. Wade's political capacity may be gauged by the fact that he had only been in Parliament for two years when he was called upon to lead his party. Of the many men I met in the Ministries of the various States, as distinguished from the Federal Ministers, he struck me as by far the ablest.

He is Australian born, and was educated at the old King's School, Parramatta, from which he gained a scholarship at Oxford, where he played football for the University, and also for England. A former schoolfellow of his told me that as a boy he worked harder and played harder than any of them. He would run in

from the playing-fields and spend any interval of time which other boys would waste over his books. That pleasant little example of the *mens sana in corpore sano* has stuck in my memory. Brain and body are so seldom balanced in this imperfect world.

We talked a great deal about Australian politics during this trip, but I have no intention of meddling with those thorny topics. The sympathies of a somewhat advanced Liberal in English politics must naturally be attracted by many of the ideals and proposals of the Labour Party in Australia; but, on the other hand, the opposite side includes so much genuine liberalism of thought and action that it is not easy to range one's self. Nor is it necessary, in the case of a visitor.

I think it was on the second day of our journey that Mr. Wade received by wire the news of the great Newcastle coal strike, and we received constant news of its progress during the trip.

I refrain also from discussing this grave question of strikes and lock-outs, the settling of which is one of the most difficult problems to be faced in Australia. It will be worked out satisfactorily, I am convinced; but in the meantime the business and the convenience of all classes are apt to be periodically interfered with while masters and men are settling their differences.

A COASTAL ROAD.

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I recall that trip with great pleasure. We were going pretty well all day long, over made roads too, and most of them quite good ones. Their chief drawback was an occasional drainage gulley running across them, which, if you were going fast or the car took it at right angles, would send you flying up and knock your head against the frame work of the hood and down again with a terrific bump. I should think it is very likely that, considering its population, New South Wales has the biggest mileage of good made roads of any country in the world. They are largely the work of the early convicts, and have resulted in the State being fairly continuously settled from north to south. I had another longer motor trip later on, right up to the Queensland border, and this first one took us near the Victorian border, so that I covered nearly the whole long coast-line by road; and although one could go for many miles without seeing any human habitation, still one formed the general impression of an inhabited country and not of an entirely new one.

There were pretty villages too, in those southern districts—at least, villages pretty by comparison with the ugly, wooden, galvanized-roofed, untidy collection of buildings which mostly take the place of villages in Australia.

And the scenery was for the most part beautiful, especially as long as we were in sight of the coast.

On these long motor trips one gains an idea of how sparsely settled the country really is. There are districts where one may go for miles through cultivated country, but they are rare. It is more usual to go for miles and miles through unreclaimed bush, and every now and again to strike a clearing. In the slow course of years more and more land will be cleared; but it will probably not be within the experience of any one now living that long stretches of unreclaimed bush will not be the rule rather than the exception.

But in spite of its monotony, of dull-coloured tree and dull-coloured undergrowth on ground sparsely grassed, the charm of it sinks in. During part of this journey we were going up and down wonderfully engineered zigzags, with rocky gorges on one side of us, in which the tree-ferns flourished and there was every now and then a trickle of water. Sometimes, turning a corner, we would come upon a string of wagons laden high with bales of wool, and drawn by many horses, or a coach, which is still a frequent mode of conveyance over a great part of the country, or a buggy, or a man on horseback, but never anybody walking,

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JAMBEROO.

unless it was within a few yards of a settlement. As night came on the glow of the bush fires would bring up red points in the dark, and the air would be full of the scent of burning wood. These fires are always going on in the summer, and are very little regarded when they are only amongst the trees. There is seldom enough wind to fan them into fierceness and make them run through and burn out any large area.

We went through the site of the proposed Federal Capital, which has no name yet but the Yass-Canberra site, and I heard a great deal about all the negotiations that led at last to the rejection of other proposals and the acceptance of this one. They had to do with the inter-State jealousies of New South Wales and Victoria, and many serious matters had to be settled before a suitable—some people say unsuitable—site was found in New South Wales, but not too near Sydney: near the coast because of the heat, but not too near, because of the danger of invasion.

It is not a very inspiring site, although there is plenty of it. I remember it as a great bare plain, surrounded by low hills, and in the very middle of it a clump of trees planted round a little church with a parsonage hard by. These were built many years ago by a rich squatter

in the neighbourhood, and I suppose will be included in the city that is to be.

The Australians have a great chance in laying out this new city. It is all very well to laugh at the "Bush Capital"; but Washington was laughed at in just the same way before it grew to be the fine city it is. I doubt, however, whether they are quite ready for it. They are still so busy developing the country and growing rich on it that there is no strong public interest in the proposal to spend money in making a noble city where now there is little more than a desert, inspiring as the idea is. I heard grumblings expressed in responsible quarters at the money spent on the excellent art gallery and museum in Perth, because it might have been spent in further land development—and Perth is the capital of a great and rising State, and four days' journey from the next city where anything of the sort may be enjoyed. Such grumblings are not uncommon. The fact that man does not live by bread alone has taken no great hold as yet of the imaginations of Australians, though fortunately there are plenty of men of wide enough view to see that it is not neglected altogether.

We went on the same day to Jervis Bay, the splendid natural harbour, which is also to belong partly to the Federal Government. There

was a little inn, where we lunched, with a garden full of flowers, and a broad space like a village green in front of it, from which one got a lovely view of the great expanse of empty water lying below. The inn was the only building in sight, although there were one or two more amongst the trees. One pictured the place as it will be some day, when the great nation grows up and fits its clothes—a waterside town with wharfs and docks, and the masts and funnels of the shipping lying by the quays. But that will not be for many years yet.

We crossed the water in a motor-boat, and it took us an hour or more to get to the entrance of the harbour. And now I think of it, it is there where the wharfs and the shipping are to be, where as yet there is nothing at all, not even an inn, but only the thick, uncleared bush.

The next day was Sunday, and we stayed for lunch at a pleasant house full of young people, and were taken afterwards a mile or two to a high point, where we had a view over a once rich alluvial valley, where much gold had been found. It was not then entirely deserted, but it was a very different scene from the busy one it must have shown years before.

We stood for some time, talking about the old days, and looking down on to the valley

far beneath us, in what had been a very pretty garden, and behind us was what had once been a very pretty house. It was not in ruins, only very much out of repair. But the chances are that it will never be put into repair again. Who wants a house, however well built and well situated in Australia—at least, in the bush—if it is not convenient for something that is going on near it? Nobody. That deserted house and garden were object-lessons in the differences between an old country and a new one.

We lay, as Mr. Pepys would have said, that night at Manar, the charming, old-fashioned homestead belonging to Mrs. Gordon. Here was another of those comfortable, well-appointed single-storied houses, surrounded by an old garden in the midst of its thousands of acres of sheep country, which sum up to me all the pleasures of life in the Australian bush. They are so English, and yet so different from anything you find in England. I am afraid they are getting fewer, as they are gradually being replaced by houses of stone and brick, still more English, but lacking just that piquancy of contrast; but there are many of them still left, and it is always a pleasure to come across them.

The next day, after visiting the sheds where

shearing was going on, we set out early on our long journey to the Barren Jack Dam, of which more later, spent the night in the train, and were in Sydney next morning.

XII

A few days later I left Sydney for Melbourne, staying on the way at Wantabadgery, of which I have also written. It was historic ground, for "Rolf Boldrewood" has immortalized—and incidentally idealized—the somewhat squalid rascal who played out the last act of his shameful career here, before he was caught, and tried, and duly hanged by the neck. It was easy, on the spot, to call up to the eye of the mind all the confusion and terror of that day of robbery and murder thirty years ago; the contrast between that vision and the sight of Mrs. MacDonald's lovely bunch of children, playing about the verandahs, or in their Peter Pan house in the garden, was strange—and also comforting; for those bad days are gone, never to return, and women and little children are as safe now from violence and terror in the Australian bush as in England.

Mr. MacDonald's manager drove me on Sunday night over the twenty miles of track to Junee station, and I learnt a good deal during

that drive without lamps through pitch-darkness. We went at a scattering pace, and the track was not exactly a high-road; but it was not that a bushman knows how to drive a buggy, which I knew before, that I learnt. I was initiated into the whole basic spirit of the bushman's life in the conversation we had, which was about as interesting as any I ever had anywhere.

Mr. Simkin—I meant to spare his name, but won't—came out from England, from a hunting country, when he was quite young, and went straight up into the bush, where his first job was, as far as I remember, to take a Chinaman who had cut his throat—first binding it up—some incredible number of miles to a hospital. It was not exactly what he had engaged himself for, but somebody had to do it, so *he* did, thus grasping early the right idea, that a bushman must be ready to do everything, no matter what. For you can't call people in, in the bush. You must do doctor's work, blacksmith's work, carpenter's, saddler's, cobbler's, tailor's, butcher's, cook's—everybody's work, yourself. He had lately given an example of his own readiness to do anything that had to be done, although he did not tell me that story himself.

A few weeks before, while Mr. and Mrs.

MacDonald were in Melbourne for the Cup week, their children had gone down with diphtheria. It was the station-manager who sat up all night with them, and tended them through the critical hours. He made light enough of it. A pretty sort of a bushman *he* would have been if he hadn't known what to do in an affair like that!

I gathered from his conversation that he looked upon Wantabadgery, which was only twenty miles from a town, and where, if you lived in the house, you had to dress for dinner, as almost what we might call "built over." It wasn't the real bush. The real bush was out West, in the heat and the drought. That was life; this was only comfort. Mr. Ramsay had said the same thing, and others whom I met said it. It is the call of the wild, which men who are men feel, all the world over. But it was strange to find it expressed so strongly by a man who was taking a forty-mile drive between dinner and bedtime—for he was going straight back again—with no more sense of remoteness than if we were driving in a taxi-cab to a London terminus.

This country has associations with another famous episode of the nineteenth century, for not far from Junee is Wagga-Wagga, where the Tichborne claimant kept his little butcher's

shop and evolved the stupendous fraud which some people still say was no fraud at all.

XIII

I reached Melbourne on November 15th, which is a public holiday, but what it marks I do not remember. I stayed at the Melbourne Club, which has the finest building of any Australian club, and where you might very well imagine yourself in Pall Mall. There is a fine library, and all the appointments of the club are those of an old-established London club-house.

On my previous few days' visit I had been the guest of the Commercial Travellers' Club, and most generously entertained there. This is a great organization which has sprung up comparatively recently. It has fine club buildings in all the capital cities, and its members number thousands.

Melbourne itself has that air of being metropolitan which Sydney, with all its attractions, misses. The Parliament buildings—now in use by the Federal Parliament, while the State Parliament has housed itself in the old Exhibition buildings—although their original design has not yet been carried out in its entirety, would be a source of pride to any city; and

they are splendidly situated on a rise, and can be seen from the whole length of the broad street that runs through the length of the city and leads straight up to the wide place in which they are situated, with other public buildings and public gardens on either side of them.

I doubt if there is another city in the world so young as Melbourne with so old-established an air. If it were to be laid out to-day on the most approved lines of town-planning, there would be little to alter in the main plan. There are plenty of open spaces, and there are no mean streets anywhere. At least, I saw none, and I went about everywhere, by tram, motor-car, and on foot.

The inhabitants of Melbourne take a great pride in their city, and are always improving it. On the other side of the river, where suburbs have been pushed out for miles, they made, not many years ago, a splendid broad road, and lined it with trees, and planted also alongside the river, and carried out other works, which have made a not important stream a feature in the scheme of the city. There is a beautiful and interesting Botanical Garden here, which by and by will be invaluable—as if Kew Gardens were just across Waterloo Bridge from the Strand—and adjoining it are the wide grounds of Government House. The Cathedral is now rather

hemmed in by buildings, on a site so valuable that it will probably some day be removed to more spacious and suitable surroundings; but the Church has so far resisted the suggestion. There is a fine Art Gallery, well endowed, and well supplied with the works of the best modern artists, and some ancient ones; a University, with good buildings set in plenty of space; the famous Grammar School; and other buildings, public and private, of such a sort that it is difficult to think of Melbourne as a city which was non-existent in the youth of some who are still alive.

When the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who died five years ago at the age of seventy-two, was a young man, he went out to Australia with Lord Salisbury and Lord Lothian—all three of them younger sons travelling round the world for health and pleasure. He could then have bought most of the land on which Melbourne now stands for £12,000. Being able to see ahead, he was anxious to do so, and wrote home for the money, which was refused for the purposes of so wild a speculation. What that land that was offered to him is worth now could hardly be estimated.

My first week-end after my arrival in Melbourne was spent at Cororooke, Mr. Everard Browne's beautiful place in what is known as

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the Western District of Victoria. This is the most settled of any part of Australia I visited. There are good-sized country houses within easy reach of one another, and excellent roads to connect them, fair-sized towns, and farmhouses and cottages everywhere. I have written about the dairy-farming that is now wringing gold out of this rich soil almost as quickly as if it were one great mine, and now have to recall only the pleasant visits I and my host made to some of the houses in the neighbourhood. His own, surrounded by beautiful gardens, he had enlarged and decorated till it has become a very fine house indeed, and not far from it was Mr. Andrew Chirnside's, which had not long since been built. These two houses, and more particularly Mr. Willie Manifold's, where we lunched next day, are interesting as indicating the growth of a national style of architecture, suitable to the requirements of life away from the cities, and growing out of the idea of those old rambling wooden houses of which I have already written.

Purrumbeete, Mr. Manifold's, is the best example of all of them. It keeps to the one story, in spite of the great space it covers, and keeps also the broad, creeper-grown verandahs. There is a large sitting-hall, with dining-room and drawing-room on either side of it, and these three big rooms can all be thrown into one huge

one by sliding the doors apart. The decorations, as well as those of Mr. Chirnside's house, and the new ones in Mr. Browne's are rather of the *art nouveau* style, and, although interesting as an expression of originality, are not a necessary part of the development of a characteristic style. But 'round the walls of the hall, in a sort of frieze, are some very clever, decoratively treated paintings of various scenes in the life of the pioneers of this well-known family—their journeyings in search of rich country, the finding of the water that led them to settle at Purrumbeete, the attacks of the aborigines, and other episodes which I have forgotten. I was much struck with this house, which, out of all the fine new ones that I saw, seemed to me best to carry out the traditions of the Australian homestead.

At the same time, in a district so suitable as this for closer settlement, where the surroundings are not those of the bush, a house more after the English country-house style is by no means out of place, and we stayed that night at a very attractive one—Mr. Black's at Glenormiston, near Camperdown—which had a beautiful garden round it, and a park too, in which deciduous trees had been planted and had grown to a good height. Where the climate permits of it, it must be a very interesting thing for men of English birth or English blood to make them-

selves a home thousands of miles away, in which they can be surrounded with a little bit of England; and that is being done all over the country, and sometimes with surprisingly successful results. During my few days' visit to Cororooke and the places around, even the climate was English—English nearly at its worst. Although it was past the middle of November, which is getting on for midsummer, it was bitterly cold part of the time, and on Sunday the rain came down in torrents, and persisted.

It was very cold, too, when I stayed a fortnight later, on my way to South Australia, at Admiral Bridges' house, which is so English in all its surroundings that it is difficult to think of it as the homestead of a sheep station, even so big a one as Trawalla. The old homestead still remains and is occupied by the manager. It is built round the one little square room which was first erected as the home of the people who took up the property in the early days, before Victoria was cut off from New South Wales, and long before the gold rush, which boomed this, by far the smallest of all the mainland States, up to the top of the tree.

Admiral Bridges is a familiar figure in Australian society—a handsome, dignified man of very courteous address, and a splendid manager of the great pastoral interests in his hands. All

the appointments of his station are in advance of any I saw anywhere else, except perhaps at Camden Park, although I do not say that they are unique. But it is surprising to notice the makeshifts that are considered good enough on some quite big station properties, and especially in the matter of the men's quarters, which are often of the most primitive description, and could only be possible to live in in a climate like that of Australia. The station hands at Trawalla are housed in a comfortable and attractive-looking building, and near it is another set aside for the "sundowners," men who tramp through the country with their "swags" on their back, and at night come up to a station and ask for shelter and rations as a matter of right.

One often comes across these "swagsmen," travelling through the country. They are an institution in Australia. One must call them tramps, for the greater number of them do not want work, and won't do it if it is offered to them. It is the invariable custom to give them rations of tea and sugar and flour, and some place to sleep in, but they are supposed to go on the next morning. I think it was at Trawalla that I was told that it cost the station something like a couple of hundred pounds a year to feed these sundowners. But there is no breaking

through the custom, for a sundowner who has been turned away has it in his power to do immense damage. He has only to drop a match on the dry grass of the paddocks to start a fire which may cost thousands of pounds in the destruction of food and even of stock, before it is put out.

These fires can do more damage to a station property in a few days than a long drought, and constant watchfulness is needed all the summer long. I never saw a big one running through grass, although I saw many amongst the trees of the unreclaimed bush. But Admiral Bridges described to me the precautions they took at Trawalla, and the organization he had for stopping the damage if it once started.

In a building in the big stable-yard were the water-carts, standing ready, and the piles of beaters—stout broom-sticks, with a sort of flag of canvas fastened to them, which is dipped into water and used like a flail. A boy on horseback is always on the look-out on some point of eminence not far from the house. On the first sign of smoke anywhere within view he comes galloping in and gives the alarm. The big bell is rung, and every man on the place, including the indoor servants, comes out, ready to take his place for the fight. Horses are harnessed quickly, and off they all go to where the fire is burning.

The object is, by beating it down on either side, to narrow it to a point at which its further progress can be stopped. In the meantime, grass is being cut down far in front of the fire, but sometimes it gets out of hand altogether, leaps over everything, and runs through miles of country, with no possibility of being checked. Such a fire happened not long ago at Wantabadgery, where a whole season's feed over the whole run was destroyed, as well as a great part of the stock. And even where a station-holder has sustained such a loss as this, his troubles are not at an end, for he has to find feed somewhere for the stock that remains, which is difficult with the whole country burnt off for miles around. You cannot insure against these fires; you can only take constant care to prevent them, and nothing can prevent them altogether. A piece of broken glass catching the rays of the sun will start a fire. As for wax matches—if you innocently produce one you are looked upon as if you were an anarchist with a dynamite bomb.

Trawalla is a great station for horse-breeding. It was a pretty sight one morning, standing by the drafting-yards, to see the mares and colts which had been rounded up, driven in, with great crackings of stock-whips, and galloping to and fro of alert, wiry men on horses that knew every turn and trick of the business. Horses are used

in astonishing numbers on a big station. At Trawalla there are thirty of them in the stables and home-paddocks for the use of the house alone, and for the business of the station there are an immense number more. But they are nearly always grass-fed, and do wonderfully well on it. The feed is not like our lush meadow-grasses, and there is no hard winter during which horses or cattle have to be housed.

Admiral Bridges motored me to Mr. George Russell's station, Langiwilly, where race-horses are bred, also ostriches. Near Mr. Russell's fine new house is a picturesque old one, where Henry Kingsley lived for some time—needless to say, as a guest of the then owner—and wrote some of his books. Then we went to Mr. Philip Russell's, to congratulate him on having just gained a record price for lamb's wool at the Melbourne sales, and to see his lovely old-fashioned garden and his menagerie of wallabies and other strange animals. He was a young man who had not long since succeeded to his property, had been home to Cambridge, and come out again to throw himself into the interesting life of a squatter, and to gain this early success in it. And if you want any further information as to what sort of a man an Australian squatter has to be, and what he has to do, and what he has to know, I take this oppor-

tunity of advising you to read Mr. C. E. W. Bean's book, "On the Wool Track," which gives a more vivid and truthful impression of things Australian than any book that I have ever read.

XIV

I have written about the irrigation settlements at Tongala and Mildura, which I visited from Melbourne, and have only now to record, from Victoria, the pleasant days I spent at Madame Melba's charming house at Upper Macedon.

This greatest of all living singers was born in Victoria, and in spite of her triumphs in every part of the world, is unwilling to keep away from it for many years together. She was just at the end of a two years' visit when I was in Australia. She had brought out some of her treasures to furnish a flat in Melbourne, and had taken this house up on the hills to retire to in the hot weather.

Mount Macedon is about forty miles from Melbourne. It is the Simla of Victoria. It can be very hot there, and was, when I was there at Christmas; but the first night I spent there in the middle of November it was very cold, and the air is always fresh and bracing. The Governor of Victoria has a country house on the slopes of the mountain, and there are other

houses there, large and small, and many lovely gardens. It is as pretty a place as you could find to live in in the whole of Australia, except perhaps one, which I shall come to by and by.

Madame Melba possesses all the Australian gifts of hospitality and open-hearted generosity in a marked degree. Her house was always full of guests, girls and boys, who made merry, as well as their more sedate elders. And she was the merriest of them all. Once every week during her stay at Upper Macedon she motored down to Melbourne and gave singing lessons at the University, out of the pure kindness of her heart. She was anxious to find a voice, so it was said, which with due training should some day give the world as much pleasure as hers had done, and wanted to find it in Australia, and was ready to go to any trouble to find it, and, when found, to train it.

Those were happy days. There was a great deal of talk and a great deal of laughter, some heavenly music, reading and writing on the verandah, or in some shady nook of the garden, lolling in hammocks, Bridge under an apple-tree on a little shrub-enclosed lawn, in the cool of the evening friendly visits and saunters round other beautiful gardens, justice done to the successful efforts of an admirable cook, and, in a general sort of way, the best of everything.

I think my most vivid recollection is of sitting out in the garden on Christmas night, under the light of the great round southern moon, and listening to the chimes of Big Ben. Madame Melba had had a gramophone record made of them to bring out with her, and it was beyond measure strange to hear those familiar notes in such surroundings; and yet it was natural too, for English life wraps one all round in Australia, and although you are farthest away from England in distance, you are never far away from her in spirit.

I have mentioned the gardens at Macedon. They are the best private gardens I saw in Australia, chiefly because the climate permits of their approximating to English gardens, which are the most beautiful in the world. It is their perpetual verdure which makes them so, and in hotter countries, although they can grow more splendid shrubs and flowers than we can, the short season of verdure is over almost as soon as it has begun. There was green turf in those gardens on Mount Macedon, and in Miss Ryan's, the prettiest of them all, there were primroses and gentians, and all sorts of things growing half wild which are common with us but almost unknown in Australia, where they can naturalize ixias, but not crocuses and daffodils; and there was green shade and water, and a rampant

A VICTORIAN BEAUTY SPOT.

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growth of roses, and every other sort of beautiful, familiar flower, as well as the unfamiliar but not less beautiful native ones, which in such surroundings seem to redouble their interest. I am not praising this garden above others simply because it contains English flowers, which is merely an accident of its situation, but because it is one of the few I saw that was planted in an interesting way. So many of the gardens in Australia, and especially the public ones, are laid out in the dull, formal way which we have been growing out of in England for years past, and however beautiful the things they contain, they are not interesting as gardens. But they might be made extremely so, for there is a very rich *flora* indigenous to Australia, and countless other beautiful things will grow there which will not grow in England.

The Governor of Victoria was in residence at Mount Macedon when I was there. Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael sat for some years in the House of Commons, and must, I should think, be well remembered amongst his fellow-members. I doubt if he is appreciated at his true value in Victoria. I heard him speak at a banquet in Melbourne given to the delegates of the Chambers of Commerce. He is not an orator, but his speech was full of dry, shrewd humour, and he ventured, greatly daring, to touch upon the

grave subject of the rivalry between Melbourne and Sydney, and not in a grave way. His wit was not appreciated. He was Governor of Victoria. He ought to have stuck up for Melbourne, and seen Sydney farther before he alluded to it at all.

Sir Thomas is amongst the kindest-hearted and least assuming of men. He is a great naturalist, and a great art-lover. Whether he possesses the more obvious gifts that go to the making of a successful Governor of a State as they are understood in Australia he had not been there long enough to prove at the time of which I am writing. But he is certainly a man who could do much for the advancement of his State on lines apart from the mere development of land and commerce; and as Victoria has less development of this sort before her than the rest, partly because of what she has already done, partly because she is much smaller, she might, one would think, be proud of a Governor with achievements in art and science to his credit. Perhaps she is by this time. Sir Thomas Carmichael has enough character to make even his humour tell in time.[1]

Mr. Deakin I met at Mount Macedon, and a good deal in Melbourne. He would make his

[1] Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael's has been appointed Governor of Madras since this was written.

mark in any country, not only for his fluent oratory, but for his grasp of affairs and his wide outlook. He is a scholar, too, which Australian politicians seldom are; but I should think this side of his mind is little known. One thing he shares with all the Australian politicians I came across, and I met scores of them in the different States. He has a great love for his country. Australia calls forth this loyalty in the men who are helping to make her, and she is as well served by her public men as any country.

XV

Adelaide is the third capital city of importance in Australia, but has not developed to anything like the extent of Melbourne or Sydney. It is a very pleasant city to stay in, well supplied with parks and gardens, which lie near the centre of things, and nothing and nobody that you want to see is far from anything or anybody else. It is situated on a plain near the sea, half-encircled with hills, and amongst those hills the well-to-do inhabitants of Adelaide have built themselves houses and made themselves gardens which are amongst the prettiest in Australia.

I spent my first week-end in South Australia at Marble Hill, where the Governor has his summer house. It is a fine stone house with a

tower, from the top of which you get a view of great extent and wonderful beauty. On the slopes of the hills around you are vineyards and orchards, and neat little homesteads, all stone-built—for South Australia is the only State in which wood is not chiefly used for building. The country roads wind among the hills. Lower down there is the gold of wheat, and, far away across the plain on which Adelaide is built, the shimmering gold and silver of the sea. It is a lovely scene, and the roads and the cottages and the cultivation, by which the hilly stretches of thick bush are broken up, give the immediate surroundings an air of being old-established, which adds greatly to its charm.

It was terribly hot in the city during the days I was at Marble Hill, but the air was always fresh there, never too hot, and in the evenings actually cool. We used to go down to a cherry orchard below the house, and work hard in and beneath the trees, without making much impression on the loaded boughs. It is only in the cooler parts of Australia that such fruit as cherries will grow, but, when they do, they grow more luxuriantly than in the Kentish orchards. And we took country walks along the roads in the cool of the evenings—a form of exercise not common in Australia. This was one of the happiest of my week-end visits, because I had

nothing informative to go and see, and nothing, for the moment, that had to be written about. Five months of travelling and sight-seeing, however much of interest and novelty they provide, are apt to throw into agreeable relief time spent in lovely surroundings and in very pleasant company, when one is allowed to do nothing except be quiet and enjoy oneself.

But as for pleasant company there was never any lack of it, whatever I was doing. The next week-end I was motoring under the auspices of Mr. Walter Young, through some of the wine-growing districts, spending one night at his own farm and another at the old German settlement of Tanundah. Mr. Young is at the head of an important business house in Adelaide, but, like most Australian business men, he is a practical agriculturist too, and farms some thousands of acres as a pastime, and a very well paying one. I had met him at dinner on my first evening at the Adelaide Club, and this trip which he had arranged for me came about in the usual way. You meet a man in Australia who can do something for you, and he does it, as a matter of course, on his own initiative, and spares no pains or expense over it.

There were four of us, enough for a rubber when we had covered our day's mileage, and seen what there was to be seen, and dined in

comfort; and we were as happy a party as possible. That trip left me with an impression of a marvellous development now going on in South Australian agriculture. Mr. Young's farm is part of a great station on which he was brought up. I remember our passing a large paddock which he said he and his brother, as executors, had thrown into a bargain as almost worthless. It was now growing a crop of wheat of I don't know how many bushels to the acre. It is impossible to speak of any land as worthless in this country. The farmers have learnt so much of late, and they are amongst the best farmers in the world.

On the evening of my return from this trip I dined with Sir Samuel Way, Chief Justice and Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia, a man of the widest culture, and, in spite of advancing years, of the keenest interest in life. When James Anthony Froude wrote his "Oceana" a quarter of a century ago, after his visit to Australia, he mentioned "the charming and accomplished Mr. Way"; and many distinguished visitors since his time have enjoyed the hospitality of the Chief Justice, and had an opportunity of learning what sort of culture Australia can give to her distinguished sons.

I do not know whether Sir Samuel Way was

born in Australia, but he has spent his life there. And yet to talk to him about books, and about men of prominence in European politics, in art, in letters, in science, you might think he had spent his time between the Law Courts and the Athenæum Club, with constant dining-out in the best society in London as a recreation. He has not gone unhonoured. He took silk forty years ago, and was Chief Justice five years later. He became the first representative of the Australian Colonies on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in 1897, and has administered the Government of South Australia many times. Oxford gave him a D.C.L. in 1891, and Cambridge an LL.D. in 1897, and he is a Doctor of Laws of Adelaide University, Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, and Melbourne University besides. He was created a baronet in 1899, gaining, I think, the second out of the somewhat meagre list of hereditary honours awarded to Australians.

Sir Samuel strikes one as the entirely happy man. He lives in a country where men do not grow old; and although he was born before Queen Victoria came to the throne, he has the outlook of a man of about forty, who has learnt what are the really good things of the world, and has the health and strength to enjoy them. He has a charming house not far from the centre

of the city, full of books and pictures, and a garden in which are all manner of strange and beautiful Australian birds, pacing the lawns with curious cries, or hiding in the shrubberies, or living in aviaries with everything provided for them to which they have been accustomed in the bush. And there is a beautiful fern-house, with rocks and falling water; and rare flowers and trees, all in a space, as I remember it, of less than half an acre—a delightful *rus in urbe*. And in all of these things their owner takes the keenest pleasure and interest. Long may he continue to do so. He is only seventy-four, which is no more than middle-age in Australia.

XVI

My last journey in South Australia, just before Christmas, was to the lands of the mallee scrub, not far from the Victorian border. I have written about what I saw there in the article on "Wheat." I went with Mr. Angus, the Government agricultural expert; and a very agreeable trip he made of it. He had not long before come out from the staff of an agricultural college in England, and had been a practical farmer besides, so it was interesting to acquire information as to the differences of farming in the old country and the new, and to get a juster

appreciation of exactly what was being done. He was also a graduate of a Scottish University, and we talked about books and about preachers, which was a pleasant diversion for both of us from the eternal subject of the land. I met with many men in Australia, well educated, and with interests not confined to their chief work in life, who were glad to give "the land" a rest for a bit. There was one who came down with us the next day in the train, a stock-broker in Adelaide, who was enthusiastic about his farm in Pinnaroo, from which he got health and enjoyment, and money besides; but he was also interested in books, and he spouted long poems to me, and I to him, and we all three enjoyed ourselves immensely.

The Australians, as a nation, are fond of poetry, of a sort, and Australia has already produced her poets. The most famous of them is, of course, Adam Lindsay Gordon, and his stirring lines are known and quoted all over the country. But it will make the mouths of the verse-writers in London water to know that there is an Australian poet of to-day, one of whose volumes has sold to the extent of over 40,000 copies—my edition is dated 1908, when it had reached that figure. This is Mr. A. B. Paterson, and his best known work is "The Man from Snowy River." His poems are of the sort that

Gordon wrote, chiefly about life in the bush, and about racing, with some rather crude philosophy to give backbone to the swinging verse, and a genuine feeling, which is the best thing about them, for the atmosphere that produced them and makes them so widely read.

Superior, I think, in quality is the work of Mr. Henry Lawson, who writes both verse and prose, and will, unless I am much mistaken, some day be accounted the greatest of all the Australian writers up to the present time. He is very unequal, and his note is over cynical and depressing, and he has borrowed a good deal, in his time, from Mr. Kipling; but he has something to say, and, at his best, says it in a striking manner. I venture to quote a poem from the volume entitled "In the Days when the World was Wide," published by Messrs. Angus & Robertson, of Sydney.

"FOR'ARD."

It is stuffy in the steerage, where the second-classers sleep,
For there's near a hundred for'ard, and they're stowed
away like sheep,
They are trav'llers for the most part in a straight 'n'
honest path;
But their linen's rather scanty, an' there isn't any bath—
Stowed away like ewes and wethers that is shorn 'n' marked
'n' draft.

But the shearers of the shearers always seem to travel aft;
In the cushioned cabins, aft,
With saloons 'n' smoke-rooms, aft—
There is sheets 'n' best of tucker for the first-salooners, aft.

Our beef is just like scrapin's from the inside of a hide,
And the spuds were pulled too early, for they're mostly green inside;
But from somewhere back amidships there's a smell o' cookin' waft,
An' I'd give my earthly prospects for a real good tuck-out aft—
Ham an' eggs 'n' coffee, aft,
Say, cold fowl for luncheon, aft,
Juicy grills an' toast 'n' cutlets—tucker a-lor-frongsy, aft.

They feed our women sep'rate, an' they make a blessed fuss,
Just as if they couldn't trust em for to eat along with us!
Just because our hands are horny an' our hearts are rough with graft*—
But the gentlemen and ladies always *dine* together aft,
With their ferns an' mirrors, aft,
With their flow'rs an' napkins, aft—
"I'll assist you to an orange,"—"Kindly pass the sugar," aft.

We are shabby, rough, 'n' dirty, an' our feelin's out of tune,
An' it's hard on fellers for'ard that was used to go saloon;

* "Graft" in Australia means "hard work," not "corruption," as in America.

There's a broken swell among us—he is barracked, he is chaffed,
An' I wish at times, poor devil, for his own sake he was aft;
For they'd understand him, aft,
(He will miss the bath-rooms aft),
Spite of all there's no denyin' that there's finer feelin's 'aft.

Last night we watched the moonlight as it spread across the sea—
"It is hard to make a livin'," said the broken swell to me.
"There is ups an' downs," I answered, an' a bitter laugh he laughed—
There were brighter days an' better when he always travelled aft—
With his rug an' gladstone, aft,
With his cap an' spy-glass, aft—
A careless, rovin', gay young spark as always travelled aft.

There's a notice by the gangway, an' it seems to come amiss,
For it says that second-classers "ain't allowed abaft o' this";
An' there ought to be a notice for the fellows from abaft—
But the smell an' dirt's a warnin' to the first-salooners, aft;
With their tooth- and nail-brush, aft,
With their cuffs 'n' collars, aft—
Their cigars an' books an' papers, an' their cap-peaks fore-'n'-aft.

I want to breathe the mornin' breeze that blows against the boat,
For there's a swellin' in my heart—a tightness in my throat—
We are for'ard when there's trouble! We are for'ard when there's graft!
But the men who never battle always seem to travel aft;
With their dressin'-cases, aft,
With their swell pyjamas, aft—
Yes! the idle and the careless, they have ease an' comfort, aft.

I feel so lone an' wretched, as I mooch about the deck,
That I'm ripe for jumpin' over—an' I wish there was a wreck!
We are driven to New Zealand to be shot out over there—
Scarce a shillin' in our pockets, nor a decent rag to wear,
With the everlastin' worry lest we don't get into graft—
There is little left to land for if you cannot travel aft;
No anxiety abaft,
They have stuff to land with, aft—
Oh, there's little left to land for if you cannot travel aft;

But it's grand at sea this mornin', an' Creation almost speaks,
Sailin' past the Bay of Islands with its pinnacles an' peaks,
With the sunny haze all round us an' the white-caps on the blue,
An' the Orphan rocks an' breakers—Oh, it's glorious sailin' through!

To the south a distant steamer, to the west a coastin' craft,
An' we see the beauty for'ard, better than if we were aft;
Spite of op'ra-glasses, aft;
But, ah well, they're brothers aft—
Nature seems to draw us closer—bring us nearer fore-'n'-aft.

What's the use of bein' bitter? What's the use of gettin' mad?
What's the use of bein' narrer just because yer luck is bad?
What's the blessed use of frettin' like a child that wants the moon?
There is broken hearts an' trouble in the gilded first saloon!
We are used to bein' shabby—we have got no overdraft—
We can laugh at troubles for'ard that they couldn't laugh at aft;
Spite o' pride an' tone abaft
(Keepin' up appearance, aft)
There's anxiety an' worry in the breezy cabins aft.

But the curse o' class distinctions from our shoulders shall be hurled,
An' the influence of woman revolutionize the world;
There'll be higher education for the toilin', starvin' clown,
An' the rich an' educated shall be educated down;
An' we all will meet amidships on this stout old earthly craft,
An' there won't be any friction 'twixt the classes fore-'n'-aft.
We'll be brothers, fore-'n'-aft!
Yes, an' sisters, fore-'n'-aft!
When the people work together, and there ain't no fore-'n'-aft.

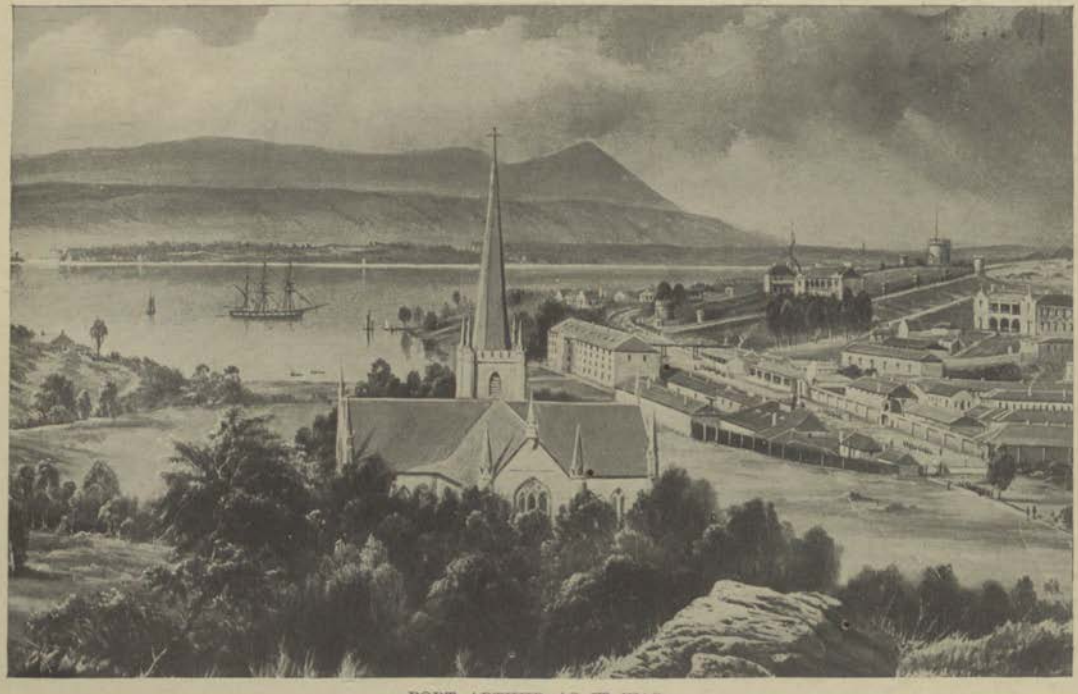
XVII

Immediately after Christmas I went over to Tasmania for a visit that had to be cut rather short. It was holiday time, and our not very big steamer was crowded. I heard that there were over four hundred passengers. The sea was very rough, and only nine turned up to breakfast the next morning. We started from Melbourne at five o'clock in the afternoon, and reached Launceston at noon on the next day, having taken three hours longer than is usual over the voyage, and finding that the train to Hobart had gone without us. However, they put on another one, and we left Launceston at three o'clock, and arrived at Hobart at nine. A six hours' journey from what is practically the north coast to the south, makes of Tasmania a sizable little State, rather different from the vast territory covered by the others; but there is plenty of room there all the same, and the island, with all its advantages of beauty and climate and soil, to say nothing of its mineral wealth, ought some day to be fairly thickly populated.

I have written about Hobart and the orchards and my visit to Port Arthur. The place is full of interest. The old convict days were so full of tragic romance, and have been so much

written about, and yet are so completely a thing of the past, that to come in contact, as you do in Tasmania, with many of their realities, and to talk to people who lived in the thick of them, is as if one were to get a glimpse of a past much more remote than the convict days of Australia really are. In Sydney, which was a still more important settlement, all traces of the convict past have been wiped out. One is taken to Botany Bay as a matter of interest; but there is nothing to see there; and only in a few old buildings, and in the roads, is there a reminiscence of the old days. But in Hobart and in the country round it is different. You may talk with old men who were transported; and all the older inhabitants were brought up to look upon convict labour, domestic and otherwise, as the natural and appointed kind of labour.

And as for Port Arthur, there is no more interesting place in all Australia. There it is, exactly as it used to be, except that it is mostly in ruins. But there is nothing to take the place of the buildings that stood there. They are either falling into still further decay, or are being kept up by the handful of people who still occupy the once crowded settlement. I do not remember seeing a single sheet of galvanized iron at Port Arthur, nor a wooden building of any sort. It is all of the early nineteenth



PORT ARTHUR AS IT WAS.

From a water-colour drawing by Samuel Prout.

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century, suddenly arrested in the tide of its activity and allowed to remain, or to fall to pieces. I think the time has come when what is left of it should be preserved. Some Australians are sensitive about the early convict history of the colony; but the shame of it is not theirs, and the tale has now receded so far into the past that this standing witness of it can hurt none of them. It is quite certain to draw more and more visitors, for as time slips on its interest will increase enormously.

On my way back to Launceston I stayed for a day and a night at Belle Vue, where I was kindly entertained by Mr. Muirhead, manager of the famous stud farm belonging to Mr. Gibson, who was away in England. On this farm, and others near it, have been bred some of the many of the noted merinoes whose blood has so vastly improved the breed of sheep all over the continent. The ram that was sold to the Argentine for £15,000, whose distinguished name I regret to say I have forgotten, was bred at Belle Vue, and others that have fetched hardly less in the open market. I saw scores of the magnificent creatures, carrying their thirty pounds or more of thick fleece, in paddocks and yards and sheds, and the worst of them would have cost as much to buy as a good horse—much more than a good horse in Australia.

There is probably more money to be made by breeding stud sheep, as is done on these properties, than in feeding sheep for wool or mutton; but it is a difficult science, and needs the right men to do it.

Launceston I chiefly remember for the great heat I experienced during the day and the night I spent there; but it was an accident that it should have been so, for its climate is generally well spoken of. It is a pleasant town, with a lovely natural garden laid out in a rocky gorge of the river, which opens out into a place of shady trees, flowers, and green lawns, much frequented by the fortunate inhabitants. And the country all round is attractive. You see it to advantage steaming down the river, with its orchards and farms and pretty water-side settlements.

I should have liked to see more of the less-inhabited parts of Tasmania; but those parts that I did see left an impression of a much-favoured land, in which life goes pleasantly and as easily as any one has a right to expect. Its natural beauties are great, and they have been much increased by human occupation, which is more than can be said of a great deal of Australia.

p. 104] AN UNWONTED SIGHT.

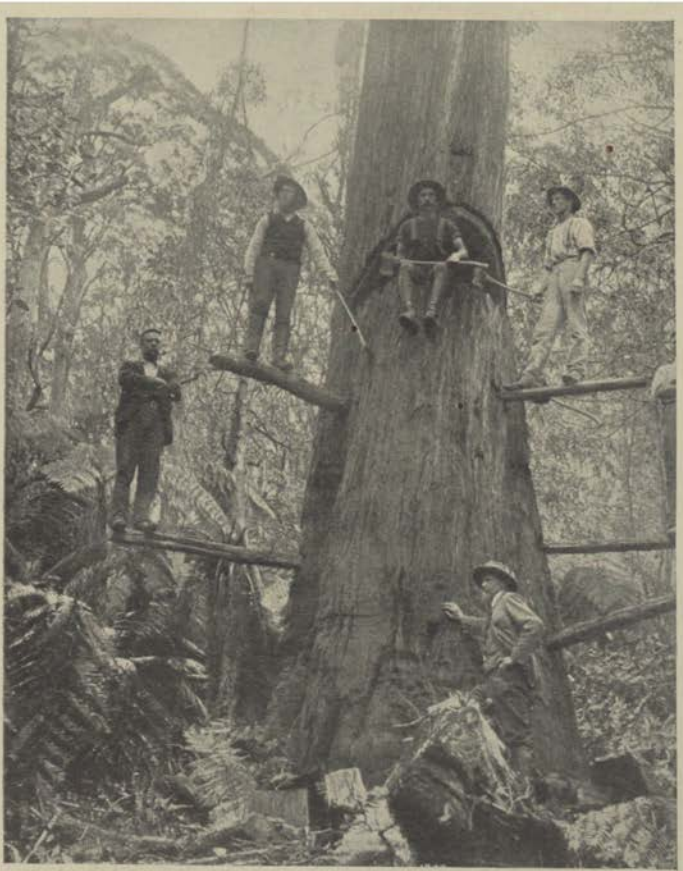
XVIII

My last experience, before sailing for Western Australia on my homeward way, was also one of the pleasantest. It was a long motor trip to the northern rivers of New South Wales, with Mr. Adrian Knox as host and Capt. Wemyss, of H.M.S. *Cambrian*, and myself as guests. We had all three come out together, and the skeleton of this trip had been laid months before in the smoking-room of the *Osterley*. It had been my first experience of the infinite amount of trouble your Australian friends will take to put you in the way of things; but I had not been prepared for an arrangement by which everything was done for me during a ten days' journey, with the best of company thrown in.

I remember so well the pictures I had formed in my mind of motoring for days through the bush, as we talked it over on ship-board with the maps in front of us. I had been in the bush in New South Wales twenty years before, in a district fairly well settled, but I did not remember any roads to speak of; and I had ridden in those days many miles over bush tracks in Queensland. So I could not get it into my head that it was possible to motor from Sydney right up to the Queensland

border, and back again by another route, on anything but bush tracks, with every chance of constantly losing one's way.

But the reality was very different. We did not actually motor the whole distance, although we might have done so. We went by train to Tamworth, rather more than a ten hours' journey, and, after two days there, on to Tenterfield, where the car met us, and coming down the coast a week later, we took train from Newcastle to Sydney. But all the rest of the journey we made on the road, and the roads were good, and none of them anywhere were mere bush tracks, or anything like them. We kept up a good rate of speed, travelling about as fast as one would in England, or rather faster, because there was nothing to slow down for. Going along, mile after mile, mile after mile, in this way, and for some days together, and then only covering a small part of the map of New South Wales, one got an idea of the vast extent of the country, and the amazing things its comparative handful of people have done with it in the century since it was discovered. In this matter of road-making alone they have very good reason to be proud of their achievements. And they spend a great deal of money in keeping them up.



TREE-FELLING.

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I have written about this trip, and the things we saw on it. We were very lucky to escape the floods. We saw the beginning of them in Tamworth, when we drove out to Mr. Britten's farm in a persistent downpour, and the gutters by the side of a hilly street in the town were like raging torrents. And coming down the coast and crossing at intervals the great rivers, we did not realize that a day later we could not have crossed any of them, for the flood-waters were even then coming down, and soon all the ferries were made useless. The whole town of Tamworth was flooded some feet deep. People were imprisoned in upper stories, and in some cases could get nothing to eat for many hours, and an immense amount of damage was done in all the houses.

XIX

There is soon going to be a railway between Western Australia and the other States, but now it is like going to a foreign country to get there. It takes as long to get from Sydney to Perth as from London to New York, and you settle down to the voyage, whether you join the boat at Sydney, Melbourne, or Adelaide, in much the same frame of mind. If you are not an Australian, that is; for they

make little enough of it, and are constantly travelling to and fro, so that in Western Australia you do not really feel yourself cut off from the rest of the Continent. The fact of the big liners calling at all the capital cities on their way to and from England, so that there is a boat in, both outwards and homewards, once a week, keeps them in pretty close contact, and to be able to go from one city to another with all the comfort and luxury of a long overseas voyage, and at no very great cost, instead of in a coastal steamer, encourages the constant journeyings which so many Australians make.

I was fortunate on the voyage from Adelaide to Perth to have the companionship, amongst others, of Sir George Reid, who was then on his way home as High Commissioner. I had met him a good deal in Sydney and elsewhere, and found him the most delightful of companions, jovial and witty, kind-hearted, as all the best sort of Australians are, interested in everything that was going on anywhere, and adding to his great social gifts an intellectual power that long since brought him to the front in State and Federal politics.

His oratory is as effective as any I have ever heard. A speech he made when the Commercial Travellers' Club of Sydney welcomed

the delegates of the Chambers of Commerce remains in my memory as typical of other speeches of his. He began in his slow, rather drawling voice, on a colloquial note, chaffing previous speakers, and arousing roars of laughter, gradually changed to seriousness, and ended with a flow of almost impassioned speech on the high destinies of the great country his visitors had come out to see. There was imagination at work, and enthusiasm, and faith in mankind, and the language was that of a born orator, and smelt not at all of the lamp. It was a great speech, and was greeted as such. I have never heard Sir George Reid speak in Australia, or in England, since, when he failed to stir his audience, and I have heard him address many kinds of audiences. He is by far the best choice that Australia could have made for her first High Commissioner. She might have sent over a man of equal eminence, and with equal gifts of administration, but she could not have sent a man with such a power of stirring the imaginations of Englishmen about herself and her potentialities.

I have very pleasant recollections of my stay in Perth, and of Western Australia generally. I believe the State is on the edge of a wave of prosperity as great as will fertilize any State in Australia, and its inhabitants seem already

to be affected by it. There is a cheery optimism about them which is common enough all over the country, but is especially marked here.

I was as fortunate in my friendships in Perth as elsewhere. I had come out from England with Dr. and Mrs. Hackett—now Sir John and Lady Hackett—and their family of diminutive but engaging children, and they made me welcome on my return six months later.

Sir John Hackett is a man of remarkable ability. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the Bar, and went out to Australia to practise. He was for a time a don at Melbourne University, and for a time on a sheep station. The story goes that during a visit to Western Australia he received a wire that shearing was expected to begin shortly, and replied: "Put shearing off for a month." He had found his niche. He is now editor and proprietor of the *West Australian and Western Mail*, Perth, the only daily morning paper in the State; and what that is likely to mean in so quickly developing a country, it is difficult to gauge. It gives him now a position of great power in the State, and I suppose the only Western Australian whose influence compares with his is Sir John Forrest.

He is a man of the widest reading—one of

those men whom one comes across in Australia, whom it is difficult to think of as living far away from the great centres of intellectual interest—and has done more to foster the love of art and science in his State than anybody. The Western Australian Museum, Library, and Art Gallery, of which he is president, as well as of the Zoological Gardens—are second to none in Australia, if the comparative populations of the other States are taken into account. They are carried on with real enthusiasm and knowledge, and owe much to Sir John Hackett's initiative, as well as to his purse. He is now busying himself in founding a University, which Western Australia still lacks, and has undertaken to endow one of its chairs with an income of £800 a year. It is a fortunate State that is served by such men, and they are not rare in Australia.

I spent an enjoyable week-end at Mandurah, a quiet seaside place a good many miles from the nearest railway, a few hours' distance from Perth, where Sir John and Lady Hackett have a country cottage. We had a long day's trip by water in a motor launch, with a picnic at the end of it, and bathed *en famille* once or twice a day, babies and all. It was very hot, but heat by the sea does not seem to matter much, and Mandurah was a peaceful, pretty

spot, with an old-fashioned air about it which, with the recollection of agreeable companionship, gives it a warm place in my memory.

In the early days of Australian colonization, a good many Englishmen of good family went out to Western Australia, and settled down there, and their descendants still form a sort of landed class apart, not quite like that of other States. There were Hammersleys, and Drake-Brockmans, and Bussells, and others whose names I have forgotten. It is they who have impressed almost a feudal air on some of the districts in the south-east corner of the State, and have probably had something to do with the fact that what is known as the Australian accent, which is beautiful in none of its varieties, is almost entirely absent from the speech of the educated classes of Western Australia. Lady Hackett was a Drake-Brockman, I think of the fourth generation of the Australian branch of the old East Kent family, and it was her mother who, at the age of sixteen, earned for herself the name of the Australian Grace Darling, for her high-spirited and courageous action in saving the crew of a wrecked ship.

There is another Western Australian family, of what origin I do not know, who have set their mark on the map. They are the Darlôts, and I met some of them at Mandurah, and else-

where. It was a Miss Darlôt—a young lady whose appearance and manner hardly suggested that she had had any experiences outside those enjoyed by the girls of the upper classes of English society—who told me something about life in a far-away cattle-station in Western Australia. To get to it from Perth, they travelled eight hundred miles by rail, and a hundred and fifty by road—only, of course, there was no road. All their servants were aboriginals. They worked cheerfully, but not altogether conventionally. You were always liable to get a dig in the ribs from the maid who was handing a plate, if you said anything amusing, and the service was likely to be stopped until the whole staff had had their laugh out. Every now and then some of them would desert for a "bush-walk." They would go back to their tribe for a day or two, and return to take up their duties as before. Nobody has as yet succeeded in eradicating the wild strain from the Australian black, and it can only be a question of time before they disappear from the continent, as they have already done from Tasmania.

The question of servants is always a difficult one in Australia, and seems to be more so than ever in Western Australia. I lunched at a beautiful house in Perth, whose owners had had

to shut it up and go to an hotel over Christmas, because all their servants wanted a holiday as well as other members of the community, and of course their wages are so high, and themselves in such demand, that they can always afford to take one without any risk of finding themselves out of work when they want to return to it.

The Weld Club at Perth is perhaps the best served of any in Australia, for they have none but Chinese "boys," and the Chinese are the best servants to be had anywhere. But these are only the remnant of those who were in the country before the Act was passed excluding immigrants of colour. When they die off or return to their own country there will be no more quiet-footed, clever, pig-tailed servants to take their place, and what the Weld Club will do then I almost tremble to think of. For it is one of the pleasantest of the Australian clubs to stay in, and the coping-stone of its excellency is its perfect service.

Sir John Forrest was in Melbourne attending to his duties as treasurer of the Federal Ministry, but returned by the boat in which I sailed for home, and I saw him in his beautiful house, which stands in a large garden in the very centre of the town. He is a large, kindly man, not yet old, who will in future years be reckoned one of the greatest of Australians. His name

will go down amongst those of the famous explorers of the continent, for in his extreme youth he commanded the expedition in search of Leichardt, and was the first white man to make the journey from Perth to Adelaide overland. He made other adventurous journeys before he settled down to politics, and afterwards. He was responsible for the construction of the great harbour at Fremantle, and he originated and carried out, against considerable opposition, that stupendous work to which I have alluded in my article about Kalgoorlie—the three hundred and sixty miles of pipes along which water is pumped all the way from the coast to the goldfields. These are big things, which the State will remember, and Sir John Forrest goes by the name of "Big John."

XX

I was only a fortnight in Western Australia, and my trips, besides the one to Mandurah, were to Jarrahdale, to see the timber-cutting and mills, and to Kalgoorlie. I went to Jarrahdale with my old friend Mr. Cecil Andrews, who is head of the Education Department of the State, and was going on a round of inspection.

When one sets out to see things in a new country one never knows quite what is in store

for one in the way of accommodation. In Australia it generally means staying in somebody's house, and then you know you will be pretty comfortable, although there is room for speculation as to whether you will like your host or not, which you nearly invariably do. But sometimes it means an inn, which may be of the roughest, sometimes a shake-down in a hut, or a tent, or a camp fire and a blanket under a tree. But for the traveller who has to see such things as I had, and see them in as short a time as possible, camping trips, which are the best of all, are out of the question, and one finds civilization wherever one goes, even in the newest parts. Still, there is variety in one's experiences, and I look back with special pleasure on those two nights, with a day in the forest between, which we spent in the pretty bungalow kept by Millar's Karri & Jarrah Company, Limited, for the use of their visitors and visiting officials. It was a change from the rather noisy and public hotels, and even from the hospitable stations. A quiet evening with an old friend, talking and reading, in still and beautiful surroundings—what could be better after five months of rushing about? I only wished it had been spring instead of high summer, for then this place, from which the tide of activity is gradually receding as the wood cutters work farther and farther away, is a

beauty spot, carpeted with wild flowers, which grow in greater profusion in Western Australia than in any other State. But the peace of it, and the air odorous from miles of forest, and the feeling of space and freedom, were of the essence of the bush, and will always remain in my memory.

Kalgoorlie was a very different sort of place. There was not a tree, except the few that had been planted in the gardens, within many miles. There nature has done nothing for the comfort of mankind, except to bury up rich treasures which can only be got at through difficulty and hardship.

There is little hardship in the thriving town of Kalgoorlie now, but to hear stories of the early days of the rush to these goldfields of unexampled richness, makes one wonder what men will not go through for the chance of getting gold from the earth. No one knows at first whether it is more than a chance. The rush was first made to Coolgardie, which is already dying. Kalgoorlie, not far away, has proved itself so far the richest goldfield in the world, and will go on for many years yet.

A man called Anstey first brought in gold from this district, and a party set out from Perth to find where it came from. One night the leader of the party, which included women and

children, said they would go on, and follow the Southern Cross, and camp at daybreak. They did so, and found gold. But there was not a vestige of water to be found; and water is more valuable even than gold. So on Christmas Day they decided to break up the camp and go back. They sent off the women and children, and immediately afterwards a great thunderstorm rolled up, and there was water for many more days.

They said it was "the finger of God," and galloped after the retreating party and brought them back. If it had not been for that thunderstorm there would have been no Coolgardie and no Kalgoorlie, and no great railway, and the State would still have contained about 50,000 inhabitants.

Then came the rush. Wagons with good horses used to go up to the goldfields from the head of the railway, carrying the "swags" of the adventurers—who mostly went on foot—and the water tanks. For the "swags" they charged £1 apiece, and each wagon carried fifty or so of them, so there was money made out of that enterprise. There was still more made by the contractors for the extension of the railway. They pushed the line on so quickly that it was finished a year before the date at which it had to be handed over to the Government, and in the

interval they ran trains on their own account and charged their own fares. They are said to have made a quarter of a million pounds by this enterprise.

Before the construction of the railway, if you travelled by coach you could see the straight road stretching ahead of you, lined on either side, if it was dark, with camp fires, and at the point where the old line ended acres of ground would be covered with merchandise and the effects of those who were pushing up to the field.

On the field itself there was that strange mixture of luxury and privation in which the beginnings of such places are always laid. There were so-called hotels, which were no more than partitioned spaces made with poles and canvas bags under some rough shelter, but you could dine lavishly at them. Men would come into a bar and break everything in it, and then pay for the damage they had done. Champagne would flow like water; indeed, water was the greater luxury of the two. There are stories of people washing in ginger-beer and soda-water. There is another story of a man coming out of his tent during a shower of rain and soaping himself all over, and of the rain ceasing immediately he had done so.

There is plenty of water for everything and everybody now, although it is pretty expensive, as it must be, considering the way it is brought

to the fields. Before that there was distillation, and before that water brought up by carts. Nobody need die of thirst. But the prospectors used to, sometimes. They were dependent on the mere water-holes, and if they went long enough without finding one there was no hope for them.

There were once two prospectors who had been for long without water. They met, by a miraculous chance in that desert, two other prospectors returning, who told them of a water-hole. When they reached it they found a dead camel in it. But they had to drink the water. There is another story of a prospector coming upon an Afghan washing his feet in a water-hole, and shooting him dead.

After all, water is of more importance than gold.

This was my last expedition in Australia. On February 15th, with friends to say good-bye to and friends on the boat, I embarked on the old *Ophir*, in which, eleven years before, I had sighted the polar pack-ice off the coast of Spitzbergen, at the other extremity of the globe, and was on my way home, glad enough to be going there, but full of pleasant memories of the sunny, kindly land I was leaving.

PART II
IMPRESSIONS

I

THE VOYAGE AND THE PEOPLE

I

SYDNEY, N.S.W.

IT is not much over a hundred years since Captain Cook made his first voyage of discovery to Australia, sailing over uncharted seas, and along a coast hardly even known by rumour. In a few years merchant ships were making the long journey round the Cape of Good Hope to the new settlements and the infant cities, and carrying with them men and women and children, few of whom expected ever to see again the countries of their birth. It was something of an undertaking in those days, a voyage to Australia. It could not take less than three months, and sometimes it lasted the best part of a year.

If you were a prospective settler, with money to spend, you furnished your roomy cabin, which was to be your home for long, monotonous weeks, with chests and couches and chairs, which would be of use in the new home you were

going to build for yourself; and some of that old ship's furniture is still to be seen in up-country homesteads. You had beneath you, in the hold of the ship, great stores of implements, and seeds, and tools, and everything that was necessary for the building of a home and for the work of taming a wild country to the needs of mankind. And perhaps you had with you sheep or cattle, from which to breed the flocks and herds that were to make you rich in the new land of promise. If you were an emigrant, you made the best of close quarters, salt meat, hard biscuits, and a limited supply of water. And, rich or poor, you got desperately sick of the voyage long before it was half over.

II

Those days are gone for ever, but not long since. You may meet plenty of people in Australia, hardly past middle-age, who first came out in a sailing ship and took months over the voyage. It is one of the strongest marks of the progress that has taken place during the last forty or fifty years in the conditions of sea-travel that a voyage to Australia has changed its character from a dreary ordeal to a pleasant holiday. Shorten it by joining a mail steamer at Marseilles or Brindisi and you may reach

Fremantle, the Australian port nearest to London, in under four weeks, and if you go all the way by sea, you can get to Melbourne or Sydney in about six. How wide the early pioneers of the colony would have opened their eyes if they could have foreseen how easily their descendants would travel to and from the old country!

They would have opened their eyes still wider if they could have boarded a P. and O. or an Orient mail steamer lying alongside a quay in Sydney Harbour. They would have seen a vast bulk towering above them, with no masts and no sails, but with three or four bulwarked decks one above the other; rows of brass-rimmed port-holes in a side as solid as a house, cranes and derricks whipping up cargo and dropping it into cavernous holds; if it were night time, bright, mysterious lights shining everywhere and coming they could not tell whence; and before they boarded her by the large white-scrubbed gang-ways they would wonder if this could really be a ship at all, of the same build as those wooden bottoms, which they had thought so huge, with their masts and yards and tangle of cor-dage, the dim lanterns hung here and there, and the narrow, littered decks.

III

Imagine a booted, periwigged colonist, to whom a trip to the old country, which he longed to see again before he died, hardly seemed worth the discomfort of the long voyage, boarding one of these twelve thousand-ton steamers. He would remember the saloon of the fast-sailing clipper, which he had thought so roomy and fine, with its skylight, and the doors of the sleeping-cabins opening out of it on either side, and compare it with the banqueting-hall into which he was now introduced, with its panelled and painted walls and carved pillars; he would look with wonder at the many small tables at which all sorts of astonishing food was being served, and remember the rough meals at the long table with the mast rising out of it. The electric fans and port-holes would recall the distress which the heat of the tropics had caused in the old days; and he would ask in amazement if fruit and vegetables, and—wonder of wonders!—ice, could really be a matter of course throughout the voyage from Australia to England.

He would be taken to the drawing-room and the smoking-room. Ladies sat in the saloon, where they ate their meals during his voyage out, or in their cabins, and men smoked on deck or not at all. The sleeping-cabins were roomy

enough in the old days for people with money to pay for good accommodation; but they were nothing like these white-painted rooms, with their bedsteads and chests of drawers and even wardrobes. And as for the modern *cabines de luxe*, he would scarcely have seen a bedroom to equal them ashore in the early colonial days. The bath-rooms, the barber's shop, all the ordinary conveniences of a modern liner, now taken as a matter of course by every traveller, would have meant unheard-of luxury to him; and the spacious decks, on which he could take as much exercise, and with as much convenience as if he were ashore, would put the finish to his wonderment.

IV

I think no one with an imagination, who sees the present not quite a thing of itself, but as growing out of the past, can help playing with such thoughts as these, as he lives a life not so very different, except as to environment, from the life he might live at home for weeks together, while all the time he is being carried across the ocean from one side of the world to the other. Perhaps, in a hundred years' time or less, if some one should disinter this book just to see what we really thought of ourselves

at the beginning of the twentieth century, he may laugh at my simplicity in thinking all *this* to be so remarkable. "I wish *he* could step on to a modern liner," he might say. "He would find just as much to surprise him as his periwigged ancestor."

Perhaps I should, but I doubt it. Our descendants may go faster, by sea or through the air, and ships may be bigger. But as to the rest, we must pretty well have reached the limit of comfort on a sea-voyage. Except for sea-sickness, and not being able to get away from the ship—that is to say, except for the fact that you are at sea—you live just as you would at a good hotel; and the liveliest credulity as to the wonders that a scientific age has still to bring forth fails to hit upon any that will improve that, except in the matter of making the good hotel still better, which is being done every year.

V

The days pass very quickly, in spite of your having nothing particular to do with them. Brain-work, except of the lightest, such as the affairs of sports committees and entertainments, is almost an impossibility. The captain of one of the old clipper ships told me many years ago that out of all the thousands of passengers he

had carried to and from Australia for something like forty years only one had fulfilled the promise made by many of using the long hours of the voyage for a certain amount of steady work every day. The whole atmosphere of the ship is actively against it, and there seems to be something in the movement, or in the air, which dulls the brain. It needs determination even to write letters before you reach a port. If there is no work that you *must* do, if you can give yourself up to the spirit of the thing, and your fellow-passengers comprise the usual percentage of companionable and congenial ones, the month's voyage will be an agreeable experience. What with books and music, indoor and outdoor games, much talk, some slumber, meal-time and dressing-time, the day seems to be over almost as soon as it has begun; and you are a couple of hundred miles or so nearer your destination.

VI

And, after all, the longest time during which you are actually at sea, without setting foot on land, is ten days, between Colombo and Fremantle. If you join the ship at Tilbury Docks, you are at Plymouth the next day. In three more days you are at Gibraltar, in two more at Marseilles, and in two more at Naples, where

you can spend the whole day. You have time to go to Pompeii, or even to Sorrento or Capri, and to dine at Bertholini's or elsewhere before you need get aboard again. Then come Stromboli and Etna and the lovely Straits of Messina. You spend the inside of another day at Port Said, with its lively shops and cafés and its persistent chaffering inhabitants, and then comes the slow steaming through the Suez Canal, a day's panorama of the life of the desert. Caravans, camels, palms, hot sand, mirages, distant purple hills, you glide past them all and can watch them all day, sitting and walking about on deck, and far more at your ease than if this ancient land, of which you had formed pictures in your mind since your earliest years, were put before you with all its colour and movement in a theatre.

The Red Sea, oily, calm, or ruffled by monsoonal winds, is the worst experience you will have to go through. In August it is dreadful. Neither fans nor punkahs nor ice will keep you cool. You are in a sticky bath of perspiration all day, and are lucky if you can sleep at night. You must be content to suffer, to eat as little as possible, and drink no alcohol at all. At other times of the year there is not much to complain about, and, at the worst, you are out of it in three days and steaming through the Indian

Ocean towards Colombo, which is about nine days from Suez.

VII

I have heard customed travellers say that the day at Colombo of itself makes the voyage to Australia worth while. You smell the breezes blowing off that spicy isle while you are yet a long way from it. As you near the harbour you see the sleek, brown-skinned natives fishing from their catamarans, now on the crest of a wave, now buried in the trough. For a whole day you may soak yourself in the glamour of the East. It is true that Europeans have set their mark upon it, but all its underlying meaning is there still, and they have learnt as well as taught something. East and West commingle happily in this place of palms and spicy trees and gorgeous flowers, of red sun-baked soil and yellow sand and blue sea. The smart rickshaws are European, the muscle-rippling backs of the turbaned men who run between the shafts as you sit at your ease behind them are wholly of the East. The Galle Face Hotel, to which you first repair, carried past the barracks and between the sea and the wide space of green, is European, but you sit in a broad verandah and see the conjurers squatting to their tricks, with snakes, mongooses, chickens, and little brass

pots and balls. You drive to Mount Lavinia, where there is another fine hotel on a cliff by the sea, from the gardens of which you can see the native fishing-village under the cocoa-nut palms just beneath you, and the triangular-sailed boats and catamarans beached on the shore. On the way you pass the shady bungalows of the English, and also the crowded, mud-built huts and shops of the poorer natives. The happy little brown, bead-eyed children throw flowers and smiles at you, and tell you, if they are old enough to run by the side of the carriage and beg, somewhat unreasonably, that you are their father and mother both, and that while they are very poor you are very rich, which may or may not be true. You alight to visit a Buddhist temple, and they go in with you, begging all the time. They have accepted the European, and are taught English in their schools, but remain as Eastern as ever. Meanwhile their elders take you as a matter of course, and would be surprised to learn that to you they are one and all figures in an Arabian Nights' dream, so normal is their own life to them, so strange and new to you.

That glimpse of sun and scent and colour and crowded Eastern life remains with you, and you look forward to it again on the homeward voyage.

So, for between three and four weeks of the voyage, there is constant variety and change of scene. You have had glimpses of Europe, Africa, and Asia, and are hard to please if you have not gained much pleasure from it.

But now your face is set towards Australia, There is no more land between you and that great continent, and when you next leave the ship it will be to mix again with men and women of your own race, though separated from the country they still speak of as "home" by all the width of the globe. Australia seems to leap closer to you all of a sudden, and the Australians amongst your friends on board to stand out in new colours.

VIII

They are all returning from a trip to the old country. Some were born there, some educated there, most have made the long journey home not for the first time. They are all slightly anglicized for the time being, and as long as you are within hail of the old civilizations you talk with them on the same subjects as you would with any chance-met traveller. Their attitude is the same as yours towards the life of France and Italy of which you have had glimpses; towards the old ruins of Pompeii,

and those newly ruined cities and villages which line the shores of the Straits of Messina; and towards the life of the ancient East.

But when that part of the voyage is over and there is no longer any one on board whose thoughts are not turned towards Australia as the end of the journey, then you begin to realize that you are an inhabitant of a country very small, very beautiful, and very old, in the cold northern seas, and that they are dwellers in a vast continent as far distant from England as it is possible for inhabited land to be, that their interests and yours are different, and the life they live is different.

There is not a man among them whom you would have taken for anything but an Englishman if you had met him in the streets of London a month ago. But there is not one of them who seems exactly like an Englishman now you have come to know them better.

IX

I shall have a good deal to say later on about the Australian squatter. He is a king amongst men of British stock, with a natural dignity of bearing which would win him respect wherever he went. On a first impression you might say that he was very little different from an English

country gentleman. He owns tracts of land beside which all but the very largest of English estates would be like a small holding. He is often a man of great wealth, of good family, of the best education, much-travelled. But he is more a man of the soil than the English landowner; his main interest is the land and what the land produces. All the other things which make the life of the most bucolic of English squires complex are as nothing to this. It is his business in life, and he deputizes it far less than the English country gentleman. He is not concerned with rents and tenants, but directly with his land and his stock. His time is not so much taken up with public duties, nor with sport, although sport comes into his daily life, and much of his work is of the same texture as the sport of older countries. And he does not carry that burden of the great house and all its traditional appanages which is now hardly ever supported in England by land alone. He lives as he pleases, and if he builds himself a big house in which he may live on his land, he builds it out of the surplus of the money that his land has brought him.

X

The business men, who carry on their occupations in the big cities, have a wider outlook

than the men with whom they correspond in London and elsewhere—wider with regard to the land in which they live, not, perhaps, so wide in respect of matters of art, or letters, or religion, or any of the intellectual interests with which men busy themselves in old countries. They are in closer touch with the actual products of the wealth with which they deal. Their interests are more in actualities—in land, or wheat, or wool, or ships—and not only in the paper which represents them. They know about the land, and what is doing on it, and so it has come about that they can talk about these things with the pastoralists and agriculturists where in England a man of business and a country gentleman might have no topic of conversation in common. And the men who have made their way, who have had no special education, and speak with a rough tongue, take their places with the rest, and are not shut off into a little group of tolerated suspects.

XI

Still more marked is the difference between the tradesmen of the Old Country and the shop- and store-keepers of the new. Caste holds in the big cities, more loosely it is true, but still in much the same way as in England. You do not

meet the retail tradesman in the more exclusive clubs, nor elsewhere amongst the upper classes of metropolitan society. But in the country towns he is amongst those at the top of the social tree. You may meet on shipboard a man who was apprenticed in his youth to a trade in a small English country town. He is returning to a country in which he has built up just such a trade as he was trained for. He has made a fortune. He is probably a magistrate in the district in which he lives, possibly a member of the Upper House of Legislature. And he, too, can talk about the land, and has interests in it. He, least of all men, would go back to carry on his work in the old country, and to the subserviency which is still expected from the retail trader. He lives a much wider, freer life. His sons have their horses to ride, and can have their farms if they please. They are not shut up to the minor pleasures of an English country town, with little money in their pockets, and little hope of a career except in their fathers' shops or in clerkships or shops elsewhere. The whole great continent of Australia lies open for them, and no manner of work carries with it any social stigma.

XII

And even the professional men are different, though they may have been educated at an English public school or an English university, and though their talk among themselves may resemble that of doctors or lawyers who have never been outside England. There are no dry-as-dusts. Though their work lies in the cities, it all comes back in the end to the land and its products. The lawyers are chiefly concerned with it, the doctors have other interests than those of their profession. You will not meet a man who cannot give you some information about Australia, information not only about the cities and the life of the cities, but about this and that part of the coast and the interior, about the natural phenomena which make the country so different from any you have known—the rainfall, the droughts and the floods, the imported animal and vegetable pests, the minerals, the strange fauna and flora—about the vast new agricultural and pastoral industries which have grown up in a few years, and their possibilities, and about many other things which make the common talk of the Australian so real and interesting a thing. They are all concerned with great realities. To a larger extent than you

would have thought possible, you have left the idle, fruitless talk behind you.

You hear much of labour troubles, of interfering social legislation, and, among the women, of domestic difficulties beside which the troubles of English ladies with their servants are as a tale of effortless ease. You must not forget that you are among the employers of labour. Over there, where the third-class passengers crowd together, you would, if you were permitted to go among them, hear another side of the story. The immigrants who are going out with only their sturdy frames, and perhaps a few hard-won sovereigns to begin the battle of life under new conditions, are also forming their impressions of the new country for which they have exchanged the old. To them it may well appear a wider, freer land, where the work of their hands will earn them a surer reward than they could have hoped for before. Many will suffer disillusionment, but there is not one, as he is carried farther and farther over the limitless miles of sea, thinking sometimes of the home he has left, sometimes of the home he is going to make, who is not justified in some of his dreams of the future. There is room for him and thousands more, and it will be his own fault if he does not wrest from this great possession of his own great race some of the treasures Australia has to bestow.

II

A FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CITIES

I

SYDNEY, N.S.W.

YOU land first, if you go out the shortest way with the mails, at Fremantle, the port that serves Perth, the capital city of the State of Western Australia.

Perth is distant half an hour or so by rail, and if you land, as I did, in the evening, you have little opportunity of forming an impression of it. I dined at the house of an old friend, a pleasant house in a pleasant suburb, with a carefully kept garden full of flowers—familiar and unfamiliar—daffodils growing with stocks and mignonette and early roses, and all of them out together, hedges and fences of geranium, bougainvillea, wistaria, mimosa, which Australians call wattle, and many other things which an Englishman has only seen in a hothouse, or never seen at all. With persistent watering you can grow almost anything in an Australian

garden that you can grow in an English one, and many other things besides. But the grass is coarser and not so verdurous. Even in the Australian spring, which begins in September, when everything is springing with quick life, you miss those myriad tints of delicate green. And you miss the birds, so clamorous in a dewy English garden or orchard.

The house, built on one floor, with double walls to keep out the summer heat, and broad, shaded verandahs, looked over a wide bay with the blue hills beyond. Inside it you were in an English house, although you were five weeks' journey from England. And that is typical of Australian homes; not even the great differences in climate have brought about any change. Australians are the most conservative of the British races in this respect, and in a surprising number of others. Their very clothes remain the same, although in the hotter regions they wear fewer of them. Except in the big cities, houses are mostly of one story, and the broad verandahs are used both by day and night during the summer. To that extent only has the British race adapted itself to the altered conditions.

II

Proposals for connecting Western Australia with the other States by rail have been in the air for a long time, and will be carried out some day; but in the meantime it is four days' sea journey to Adelaide, the next port of call. To Sydney it is another two days' journey by rail, and to Brisbane a third; and Brisbane is not quite half-way up the eastern coast. Steaming across the Great Australian Bight, which has the same reputation as the Bay of Biscay, and deserves it, you begin to gauge the immensity of this island continent, where yet there are not so many people as are contained in Greater London.

The inside of a day in Adelaide gives you your first impression of an Australian city. Adelaide is partly surrounded by hills, and is built on the plan of a target, with the heart of the city as the bull's-eye, then a circle of park, then more buildings, and, outside, another wide ring of open land. This plan will be adhered to, however far the city expands, so that there will always be open spaces in plenty. With its blue encircling hills, its many parks and gardens, and the fine buildings which are gradually ousting the more primitive ones, Adelaide is an attractive city, though not yet a great one.

But it is the people in the streets that are most interesting to the traveller from overseas. How do they differ from the crowd in an English city? You see them at last at home, in surroundings which they have built up to suit themselves and their manner of life. Surely they will present some sharp points of difference from the race from which they have sprung.

It was the opening day of the Adelaide Agricultural Show when I landed. The streets were full of people from the country districts, men in loose clothes, with soft, wide-brimmed hats, riding rough-looking grass-fed horses or driving them in buggies, prosperous-looking farmers—so one would label them in England, and so they are; but the farmer in Australia is a bigger man, financially and socially, than he is at home; thin, hard-looking young men, mostly with clean-shaven faces, always spurred if they are riding, but seldom booted or gaitered; goodwives from the up-country districts, and children on holiday, much like the farmers' wives and families from the fat English shires. The people from the land—the land which counts for more than anything else in Australia—have flowed into the city to-day. It is hardly an occasion to judge of the town life of Australia.

III

The next morning, after eighteen hours or so in the train, you are in Melbourne; and Melbourne, regarded only as a city, without reference to natural surroundings, is the finest thing Australia has to show.

It is the custom to refer to Melbourne as an American city. It is so only as regards its plan. Wide streets alternating with narrower ones—but named, not numbered—have been laid out at right angles to one another on ground not near the sea, not on the banks of a great river, not within sight of any high ground. The city owes nothing to its position, and yet it is a fine city, with public and private buildings which would be the pride of any city in the world, and a metropolitan air which no other in Australia can equal.

And the people that crowd its streets and its tramway-cars and its shops are British unmistakably. If you were to exchange half a million people, let us say from Manchester or Birmingham—London will not do, because there are so many different Londons—for the inhabitants of Melbourne, and set them down there, you would hardly notice the change. You would have to leave out the very poor, who would excite undue notice in Melbourne, and you would have to

choose the handsomest and finest among the women; and then, if you were a close observer, you would only notice one slight point of difference. The growing girls would not be so advanced for their years, nor the growing boys so wiry and alert.

IV

Another long night's journey and you are in Sydney. It is said—chiefly in Melbourne—that the people of Sydney are inordinately proud of their famous harbour. They could not be too proud of it. It makes of Sydney one of the most beautifully situated cities in the world. Its blue expanse of water, infinitely broken up, lapping now the sandy beach of a bay, now the rocky shore of a jutting point, provides five or six hundred miles of frontage, most of which are more or less inhabited, and some quite thickly. The dark, wooded heights by which it is backed are growing less year by year as the city expands, but there is always that lovely sheet of water sparkling in the sun, or alive at night with the lights of the ships and the constantly plying ferries. It seems to be everywhere. You may be going along in a crowded tramway-car up a crowded street, right away, as you think, from the harbour, and down a side street you will catch a glimpse of vivid blue.

Some bay or inlet has followed you, and the water and the ships are not far away. It counts, all the time, in a visitor's impressions of the city, and it must bulk at least as large in the lives of the city's inhabitants as it is said to do in their speech.

The chief public parks and gardens and some of the public buildings are on the shores of the harbour, many of the larger private houses have gardens, large or small, overlooking it, the men-of-war are anchored there, the great liners are berthed at quays within a stone's throw of the offices of the companies that own them; a clerk in one of these offices can leave it when his day's work is done and be sailing his boat in a few minutes. Take a bit of the City of London, a bit of Whitehall, of Kew Gardens, of Hyde Park, of Buckingham Palace, of Wimbledon or Hampstead, of Portsmouth, of Liverpool, of Cowes, and crumple up a bit of the Mediterranean to put them on, and you will get some idea of what its harbour means to Sydney. It is one of the natural wonders of the world, and if its inhabitants have not made it they have, at any rate, taken full advantage of the conveniences and amenities which it offers.

III

THE HOME STATION

I

CRESSBROOK, Q.

EXCEPT for the mosquito net over the bed and the dark walls of old cedar-wood, the room in which I have slept might be in any country house in England. But it opens by French windows on to a broad verandah, and coming out at early dawn into that miraculously fresh, sweet-scented air, which makes of each rising in the Australian bush a renewed delight, I seem to have covered thousands of miles in a stride. It is as if I had slept in England and stepped straight out of my room into the heart of Australia.

This perpetual contrast between the new land and the old ways is one of the pleasantest things that the visitor from England sees in his travels in this country, especially in the homesteads which lie scattered over its vast areas. The Englishman's genius for home building has

triumphed over every obstacle; he has brought it with him to the under side of the world, and in a hundred years has changed a great continent with it, as in many hundreds of years he has altered the face of his own island.

This house and all that lies about it dates from before the time when Queensland was cut off from the parent colony of New South Wales. Seventy years ago its builder, a young Englishman, came up from Sydney, travelling like the patriarchs of old, with his flocks and his herds, crossed the now famous Darling Downs, and—first of any white man—pushed across the dividing range and settled on these rich alluvial flats, ringed round with hills and watered by rivers. He built his house of hewn cedar logs, roofed with split shingles, on a gentle rise some fifty feet above the water level, and the black-fellows, who knew the ways of the river and its sudden floods, shook their heads and pointed to another site a little higher, but some distance away. Their warnings were remembered when the river rose twice within a fortnight and flooded every room to a depth of three or four feet. But that was not until more than fifty years had gone by, and there the old house stands to this day, but with many additions, and the descendants of the early pioneer still inhabit it to the third generation.

II

Beyond the gay strip of garden ground, full of riotous colour, lies a great stretch of vivid green, brighter than any English grassed park or meadow. It is planted with that wonderful crop, lucerne, which can be cut for hay as often as once a month, which pushes its roots down forty feet into the soil, and finds sustenance even in those terrible droughts which last, not for weeks or months, but for years, and seem to be the only serious check on a prosperity so great that the story of its growth reads like a fairy tale.

A line of trees marks the river, and beyond it are wide levels of grazing land, some of it cleared, some of it covered with "rung" timber —thousands of grey skeletons of trees, holding up dead arms to the sky, or lying prone on the grass. Beyond these rise the hill ranges, covered to their summits with "scrub"—trees and vines and thick undergrowth—and an occasional bare outcrop of volcanic rock. A carved and broken line of blue, with deep purple shadows in the ridge hollows, they form the original boundary of this vast estate, which covered an area of 240 square miles. Thus could land be had in those early days, not so very long ago, land not far from the centres of population, and so

rich that for the purposes for which it is now used scarcely any could be found richer.

At first it was used chiefly for sheep, but it was too good for sheep. The rich natural grasses made it an ideal country for fattening cattle. Shorthorns, and then Herefords, were imported, and a famous herd established; trotting and draught horses were bred; agriculture was started. And then, only a few years ago, everything was changed once more. Dairying came in, and with it the small farmer, and all the conditions of land-holding in this district were altered as if by magic. Now there are scores of dairy farms, each with its homestead, occupied by a freehold or tenant farmer and his family, where before there were miles of uninhabited grazing country; and more are being settled on the land every year. Dairying in the coastal districts has been like a new discovery of Australia. But I must leave that tale for another time.

III

These one-storied, deep-verandahed, wooden houses spread themselves everywhere, and increase whenever more room is wanted. Part of this one opens into a square, flower-bordered courtyard with a shady tree in the middle. There are rooms and offices all round it, and

even then the main part of the house joins on elsewhere. The post office is by the gate, smothered from roof-ridge downwards with a yellow, bell-flowered creeper which at home we grow, if at all, in greenhouses.

Outside the gate is a great open space, with trees planted here and there, like a glorified village green. On one side is the homestead, with another smaller and even prettier house joined to it by gardens and lawns, an estate office, one or two cottages for the married men working on the estate, and a clubhouse. At one end is the little church, with a fenced-in graveyard. On the other side are the house stables; butcher's shop and refrigerating plant; the store; a house for the bookkeepers and their kind, and the men's "hut," one with a housekeeper, the other with a man to cook and look after their inmates; more cottages for married couples; an entertainment hall, which was a school until the township grew up round the milk factory two miles away; and farther off the farm buildings, where the valuable stallions and pedigree bulls are kept, the cows milked, the fodder made and stored. It is a village all complete, a village with about a hundred inhabitants, men, women, and children, and all dependent on the home station.

All the buildings are of wood covered with

galvanized iron, except a few roofed with wooden shingles. You must get used to galvanized iron in this country, for rain water has to be saved, and there is no other kind of roof that will do it so well. The only thing to be said in its favour from the picturesque point of view is that in single-storied buildings with a low pitch and a wide span it is most easy to get used to. But the wide space over which the buildings are spread and the beautiful trees save the situation. There are giant evergreen bunyas, graceful eucalypts, like towering birches, a few English oaks, native silky oaks with their deep-yellow flower tresses, full of honey, and the wonderful jacaranda, which is one huge, spreading mass of bloom the colour of wistaria. It is not difficult to make any place beautiful in this country, in spite of galvanized iron.

IV

Books, music, and flowers and every imaginable comfort and refinement within the house, and outside the primary work of the world, work done with the soil and on the soil—who would not envy the lot of an Australian pastoralist? My host is out at seven setting his little army of men to work. Off they go, some with teams of horses for ploughing or haulage; others, lean,

wiry figures, well mounted, ride off to distant paddocks where the stock are fattening; hammering begins on the framework of yet another new building; the whir of machinery comes from the engine-room across the way. The day's work has begun.

We are out all day, inspecting a mob of bullocks that have been driven in overnight to fatten, inspecting lucerne land, grass land, land for clearing and ploughing, unreclaimed scrub, dairy farms, sub-artesian wells, a new dam to conserve water, a new drafting-yard, and dipping tank. I am being shown things, but my host is overseeing all the time. This is his day's work, or part of it.

It is all new and fascinating, and, above all, real. In the evening we return to the house and dress and dine, and but for the fact that we play bridge after dinner on the verandah, although the season corresponds to mid-April, we might be back in England once more.

IV

SUGAR

I

BRISBANE, Q.

IN whatever part of Australia you may be, the staple of conversation is the land and what it produces. But the talk varies as you go from one place to another. Now it is all about sheep and wool, now about cattle, now about wheat, fruit, dairying, mines, timber; and as you get farther north along the coast, even before you reach the tropical belt, the talk is all about sugar.

I came down to Brisbane from a part of the country where they fatten stock and milk cows, and left the same night for Bundaberg, where I arrived the next morning and fell straight into sugar. I heard no further talk of bullocks or cows until I returned south again.

I was now in the rich "scrub" land, which is very different from the timber country, cleared or uncleared, through which I had

hitherto travelled so many hundreds of miles. The soil is mostly alluvial, deposited through ages in layer after layer to a great depth, or volcanic, and overgrown with soft-wooded trees and bushes matted together by creeping vines. From a look-out place on the roof of a sugar mill I visited I could see the dark, impenetrable growth stretching away to the distant hills, intersected by wide stretches of vivid green where the canes were growing, patches of drab where the refuse from cut canes had dried in the sun, or of red soil where this had been burnt off. All this open country had been cleared, acre after acre, laboriously by hand.

I saw the ripe cane cut. It grew so densely that you could not have squeezed yourself into it, and ran like a solid green wall down the length of the field. With huge, broad-bladed knives the men hacked down the canes one by one, just below the surface of the soil, cut off their green tops, stripped the growth from them, and threw them into heaps. They used both sides of their blades, and worked so quickly that you could scarcely follow their movements. They do this work by contract, share and share alike, and the money they make by it—a pound a day and more, with their keep thrown in—puts these expert cane-cutters among the most enviable of wage-

earners even in a country where wages are almost uniformly high.

A portable tramway line is laid over the cut field, the canes are loaded on to trucks and drawn away to the mill. When the field is stripped, all the refuse is burnt off, and another crop comes up from the same roots. In four years or so the canes are replanted. They used to go on year after year, but that was when the soil was virgin. Now, rich as it is, it needs some dressing; but there are millions of acres of this fertile scrub country still to be taken up in Queensland. The industry is not yet fifty years old, and has endless possibilities.

II

Twenty years ago I travelled up the coast of Queensland and saw sugar plantations in the rich country around Cairns. I saw a gang of black-fellows under a lazy white contractor, who lay in a tent and drank bad whisky, clearing the thick scrub, and I saw the cane cut and the mills worked by Kanaka labour.

All that is changed now. The cry for a White Australia has changed it. The Kanakas have been sent back to their islands, all but a few who had been in the country for a certain number of years, and a producer who employs

coloured labour of any sort loses the bounty which a paternal Government pays for every ton of sugar grown by white men. The industry has been a storm-centre of politics for years, and is so still, but it is safe to say that it will never again flourish by means of cheap coloured labour, and it is difficult to see how it can compete to any extent for export with sugar thus grown in other countries. At the same time the demand for home consumption is so great that no limit to it is yet in sight, and some foreign markets still remain open. And above all the practical stoppage of coloured labour has brought in the small grower. Sugar-producing provides one of those opportunities for the man with no capital but his own industry of which Australia can show more than any other country on the face of the globe.

The conditions of hired labour in Australia are such that an unmarried man can save, if he has a mind to, nearly the whole of his wages. He is fed and housed by his employer, and his only necessary expenditure is on clothes, which cost him little enough. Labour is always comparatively scarce, and an immigrant, let us say, who had any capacity for work on the land would get a situation at a pound a week and everything found without any difficulty. If he was a smart man he would get into a cane-cutting gang

before long, and might earn as much as ten pounds a week while cutting was going on. In a few years he ought to be able to save enough money to take up land of his own.

III

Here is one instance of many that might be quoted of success gained in this way. An assisted immigrant came to Queensland from Sweden and worked on a plantation until he had saved enough money to take up 200 acres of his own at 15*s.* an acre. He fenced and cleared the land himself, acre by acre, until he had fifty acres under cane; and he grew maize and sweet potatoes and started dairying besides. Soon he was able to buy another 320 acres for £1,000. He now owns 680 acres, some under cane, some under other crops, and is worth £4,000. And many of the most successful cane-growers in Queensland began in this same way—that is, with an assisted passage and no capital whatever.

The tendency for the last twenty years has been for the big estates to be cut up and divided into small holdings, for it has been found that more cane can be grown on a given area in this way than when it was worked by means of coloured labour by a big planter. The small man, therefore, has no difficulty in getting land,

and not only is the mill-owner, who wants more cane, ready to assist him with a financial start, but also the Government, which since 1895 has advanced over half a million pounds in starting co-operative mills.

A good rainfall is necessary for sugar-growing, and the rainfall on the Queensland coast reaches in places an average of over 100 inches a year and is generally high. But it is not so regular as it might be, and in the drier districts recourse is had to irrigation. The discovery of what is called sub-artesian water has almost revolutionized sugar-growing in certain districts.

One of the Government publications quotes the case of a farmer who was not making 5*s.* an acre off his land and was persuaded to borrow money to start an irrigation plant.

"Fifty acres were irrigated by means of ditches. The cane sprang into life like magic, and in a few months the crops looked good for from 50 to 60 tons per acre. What this meant to the farmer is easily reckoned. The cane is sold to the mill at from 12*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.* per ton, according to the sugar content, plus bounty. The fifty acres would produce, say, 2,500 tons. At 12*s.* 6*d.* per ton, the lowest price paid, the farmer would receive £1,562 10*s.*, from which would be deducted, say, 3*s.* per ton for cutting and loading into the tramway trucks—say, £375.

This leaves £1,187 10*s.* without reckoning the bounty on white-grown cane, at 5*s.* per ton, to pay expenses of cultivation, fuel, and engine requisites, rations, and the price of the plant."

Thus runs the talk in the sugar districts, and mixed with it is the constantly expressed desire for more settlers to add still further to the prosperity of the country.

V

OUT WEST

I

BRISBANE, Q.

IT was not farthest west; it was only about half-way across the great width of Queensland, beyond which lies the Northern Territory, and beyond that Western Australia. But it was at the end of a journey of over five hundred miles, which took twenty-six hours in the train, and was about as far as you can go inland without taking another long journey up the coast and starting westwards afresh. Queensland is about as big as Germany, France, Spain, and Portugal, with Denmark and Switzerland thrown in, or rather more than five times the size of the United Kingdom, and a traveller without unlimited time at his disposal must see what he can near the railways. And even then, at an average rate of progression of twenty miles an hour, he cannot go far afield in a short time.

Here it was all sheep, and a good country for

sheep, but not the best in the State. But what irony there is to the Englishman, fresh from his lush, evergreen meadows, in being told that these bare, parched, limitless stretches of soil, sometimes covered with sparse timber, sometimes open to the burning sun, are good for sheep or for any living thing except the flies and the mosquitoes! You would say that nothing bigger than a rabbit could keep itself alive on an acre of it. But that is because you do not know. Those tufts of wiry growth, that you could scarcely dignify by the name of grass, when the sudden torrential rains sting them into life, grow tall and succulent, and the sheep thrive on them; and not only the sheep, but the horses that are bred here, and the few cattle, and, of course, the rabbits, if they were permitted to work their way unhindered. And in times of real drought there are the mulga-trees to cut and feed to the stock, so that a few may still be saved and a fresh start made when the blessed rain falls again.

There are millions of acres in Australia which could be as closely settled as rural England, but not "out west." Yet this is a country in which money can be made in a surprising way between recurring droughts. The last drought lasted for seven long years, and there has never been one like it since Australia was settled. At the

beginning of it there were twenty million sheep in Queensland, at the end only seven. The drought broke up in 1903, and now there are as many sheep as ever. The flocks have trebled themselves in seven seasons. Fortunes have been made since those years of disaster out of single runs, and lessons have been learnt which will minimize their terror if they should come again.

II

As you get farther into the interior of Queensland the yearly average of rainfall sinks to below ten inches; rivers are scarce, and in summer dry up to a chain of water-holes. In the old days much of the country was valueless, owing to its distance from watering-places for the flocks, although the feed was good enough. But more than half of the whole of Queensland lies over an artesian basin, the largest known in the world, for it covers over half a million square miles, and its discovery and utilization have transformed vast areas of this western country.

We set out from the home-station to see the nearest of the three bores on the run. It was seventeen miles away. We drove through the monotonous bush in the comparative coolness of the early morning, stopping every now and then to open and close a gate from one paddock into

another. Some of these "paddocks," divided from one another by wire fencing, were forty miles square in extent; one in another part of the run was seventy.

We saw a few emus running in the distance, a few flocks of parrots and cockatoos, and the little birds we call love-birds in England and keep in cages, but no sheep until we had gone more than half-way, and then only a score or so, which ran off among the trees at our approach. And, of course, we saw no human being, nor any sign of one. It became very hot, and the flies never left us alone.

By and by we came to a boundary rider's camp—the lonely home of a man who spends his days riding along miles of wire fencing to see that they are in order, and returns at night to his tent and his shelter of boughs, beneath which he sleeps in a hammock, with a fire to keep off the mosquitoes. And a few yards away the hot brownness was rent asunder by the vivid green of tall rushes and a broad expanse of water, over which wild fowl were flying.

A grateful sense of coolness came from the sound of rushing water. This was from the bore pipe, which brings one and three-quarter millions of gallons a day from a depth of two thousand feet below the ground, fills the great lagoon, and runs in shallow trenches over miles of water-

less country. As I was standing a little later behind a screen of rushes, waiting for the ducks to come over, which they presently did in great numbers, and in perfect safety, I dipped my hand into the water and found it quite hot. It flows out of the pipe at 118°, but soon cools as it runs through the thirsty land.

III

Some of these artesian bores in Queensland have been sunk by the Government, some by private enterprise, and there are considerably over a thousand of them, all flowing steadily by means of subterranean pressure, and some throwing their huge jets of water twenty or thirty feet into the air. There is one that discharges four and a half million gallons a day, some that go down five thousand feet. The waters of some have a temperature of 200°, and of some only 60°. Some are suitable for watering stock, some for irrigation; some, owing to their excess of minerals, are of no use for either purpose, but have curative properties. Some produce a natural sparkling water. One produced gas as well as water, and a town was lighted by it until it petered out.

The expense of sinking these bores is very great, amounting to something like a pound a

foot or even more; but their value in this dry country is beyond calculation. On this enormous run there is not a paddock that is not watered, either by the river or by a bore stream. The sheep find their own water, even if they have to travel a long way to and from their feed, and the horses and cattle like the green rushes.

No one knows how the rushes came there, but they grow all round the lagoons and all along the ditches. They even choke up the channels, and others have to be dug or ploughed. The wild fowl have had a paradise created for them, and no doubt found their own way to it; but how did the fish come there? For there are fish in these new streams, though no very big ones. There seems to be no limit to the way in which this surprising country will adapt itself to new conditions, and this watering of its surface from beneath the soil, when the sky is chary of its refreshment, is one of the most beneficent changes that have been brought about within recent years.

IV

The men who live in this hot, dry, remote country extol it above all others. I have met many men living in the cities or more fertile regions who have had experience of the west, and they all say the same. They are fighting

nature all the time—the heat and drought, the animal and vegetable pests, the devastating bush fires; they are far from civilization, at any rate as we should understand it; but in spite of everything, this, they say, is the life for a man, although not, in the far west, for a woman. They have the wide sense of freedom, the absence from petty worries; and perhaps the very fact of their carrying on a perpetual warfare against the forces of nature braces them and adds another difficult pleasure to life.

So they come out here, men from the English public schools and universities, men from the old-established Australian families, and live their own hard, active life; and even when they are taking a "spell," as they call it, and you meet them in the clubs in Brisbane, or Sydney, or Melbourne, or at home in England, and can only tell them from other men of their class because they look leaner and browner, they are half longing all the time to get back to it.

VI

THE BUSHRANGER

I

WANTABADGERY, N.S.W.

THERE are no more bushrangers in Australia.

It might still be possible to "stick up" a bank in some country township, or to hold up a coachload of passengers where the coaches still ply. But it would no longer be possible to ride away with the booty and get lost in a vast, unsettled country where pursuit would be difficult.

It is only thirty years since this house in which I am staying was "stuck up" by the notorious Captain Moonlite, and this room in which I am writing was crowded with the prisoners of war, while an armed member of the gang kept guard over them from the vantage of a heavy sideboard drawn across the door.

That affair at Wantabadgery was told to me by Mr. Claude Macdonald, the present owner of the station, but the parts of it which reflect

credit on his own coolness and courage I got elsewhere.

He was a very young man, straight out from Harrow, and he rode up to the homestead in the gloaming of a summer evening with his elder brother after a day spent among the stock. As he dismounted at the gate he found himself covered by a rifle from the porch and told to "bail up." No resistance was possible at this stage, and he and his brother were hustled into the dining-room, where others who had already been captured—the people about the homestead, and the postmaster, who had come up when the bushrangers had first taken possession—were gathered under guard.

By and by the prisoners were transferred to the laundry, but Moonlite invited the younger MacDonald, whose coolness had taken his fancy, to dine with him. He was extremely affable. He explained that he and his gang—there were six of them—were about to "stick up" the bank at Gundagai, not many miles away, and wanted clothes and horses. He was wearing some of his guest's clothes at the time, and he and those who were left alive of his accomplices were tried and sentenced in them. "Don't say that I haven't paid for the dinner I am giving you," he said, and handed over a shilling, a sixpence, and a threepenny bit, which Mr. MacDonald carries

in his pocket on a ring to-day. He asked him if there was anything his men had taken which he particularly valued. "Yes," he said, "there is a cigarette-case given to me by some particular friends." "I am afraid I am the culprit, then," said Moonlite, producing it out of his pocket and handing it to him with a courtly bow.

II

Having thus created a favourable impression he embarked on a history of his career, tending to show that he was a much-sinned-against member of society. "Yes," said the young man, far too level-headed to knuckle under to all this, "that's all very well; but why did you shoot my horse?"

Moonlite had taken a fancy to this horse, and tried three times to mount it, and then, in uncontrollable passion, had shot it dead. He explained that he was like that, and that his infirmity of temper had gone much against him in his career. During this last escapade he abundantly proved that he had no command over himself when in a passion. He threatened to blow the postmaster's brains out if he did not answer him politely; a neighbouring squatter whom he came across the next day he forced to shoot his own horse, made him kneel and

beg his pardon for nothing, and then kicked him.

The next morning young MacDonald was with Moonlite when a sentry came in and said that the men on the roof had reported a horseman coming towards the station. "If he comes on, shoot him," said Moonlite, and went on talking. MacDonald listened for the shot, but none came, and presently the sentry returned to say that the rider had turned off, and had evidently noticed nothing.

But he had noticed everything. He was the sheep overseer, and had seen the men on the roof, and understood what had happened. He came on a little way, and then turned off, walking his horse until he got round the shoulder of a hill, when he clapped spurs to it, and galloped off thirty miles to fetch the police. They would not believe his story, and refused to set out until the next morning. When they did come they rode up to the homestead laughing and talking, dismounted, and found themselves covered by the rifles of the bushrangers. Then they ran away, and were afterwards dismissed the force, and quite rightly.

But in the meantime the informant had ridden another fifty miles to warn another lot of police, and they saddled up at once, but

arrived at the homestead to find the bushrangers gone. They followed them a couple of miles to a farmhouse, where they had stopped for a drink of milk. It is now unoccupied—two wooden buildings with galvanized iron roofs standing in a sea of tall brown grass—but I could picture the fight that had taken place there. The bushrangers were driven into the house. They shot two troopers and some horses, and the police killed one of their number, over whom Moonlite is said to have wept bitterly. At last Moonlite walked out laughing, emptying his revolver at the smoke spurts as they came from behind the trees, and was captured.

III

At his trial he displayed great coolness, raised technical objections, and rebuked the presiding judge. He made a lengthy speech before he was sentenced. "No fate will draw a tear from my eye," he said, "for I fear not fate. From Tasmania to New Guinea the truth shall ring."

When he was in prison he asked that young MacDonald might visit him, which he did. The first thing he asked him was whether there was any chance of a reprieve, and when he was told that there was none, said, "Very

well, we won't talk any more about that," and proceeded to expatiate again on his past life, as he wished it to be remembered.

The facts of his past life are fairly well known, and reflect little credit on him. His name was Scott. He was the son of a clergyman, and educated at Dublin University. He robbed an old aunt who had been kind to him of a hundred pounds, and came out to Australia, where he got a post in a bank. He robbed the bank, and gave false evidence against a fellow-clerk, who was imprisoned for the theft. Then for a time he cut a dash, was made an honorary member of the most exclusive club in Sydney, and went out into society. A smart detective saw him frequently at the house of a receiver of stolen goods, traced him back to the club, where he was living, and arrested him, after which everything came out. In prison he gained the ear of the authorities by his excellent behaviour and his religious professions, was allowed more liberty than other prisoners, and took advantage of it to kill a warder and escape. Then he took to bush-ranging.

Mr. MacDonald has a photograph of him taken after his capture in one of the coats stolen from Wantabadgery. It shows a villainous face, with a scraggy beard and a pair of wild, staring

eyes. It is difficult to imagine a man of that appearance gaining the confidence of anybody. He was a robber and a cold-blooded murderer, and the world was well rid of him. But it is true that he never molested women and children and was sometimes kind to the poor.

VII

"FATHER OF THE COLONY"

I

SYDNEY, N.S.W.

OF all the men who have helped to make Australia the great and rich country that it is to-day there is none whose name will go down to posterity with greater honour than John Macarthur. To read his life is to see that despised, misunderstood possession of the British Crown, with its thousand tales of sorrow and misery, shaking itself free from all its bitter early associations and gradually emerging as the land of freedom and hope.

In Australia now there are close upon a hundred million of sheep. It is a veritable land of the Golden Fleece. And it is to John Macarthur that nearly all the credit is due for introducing this vast source of wealth.

I read part of his history and many of his letters in the beautiful house which he built but did not live to inhabit, surrounded by mementoes

of the early days of more than a hundred years ago. It is in the country, forty miles or so away from Sydney, and is destined as the years go on to be a place of pilgrimage, for not much of Australia has Georgian associations, as Camden Park has, and no place that I know of here has so old and interesting a story.

John Macarthur was born in Plymouth in 1766. His father had fought for the Pretender at Culloden with several of his brothers, and was the only one of them who escaped with his life. At the age of twenty-three he bought a commission in the New South Wales Corps, and sailed for Sydney with his young wife. He was in one of three ships bringing convicts and stores, and all of them were plague-stricken. Two hundred and sixty-one male convicts had died on the voyage, and 488 were put under medical treatment on landing. The Colony was starving. Until a fortnight before, when another ship had come in, they had had no communication with England for three years. Provisions were scarce for some time afterwards, and guests invited to dine with the Governor had to bring their own bread. "But," said his then Excellency, "there will always be a roll for Mrs. Macarthur."

Two years later the young officer was appointed commandant at Parramatta, and there,

on land granted to him, he began his sheep-breeding experiments. He bought from an officer sixty Bengal ewes and lambs imported from Calcutta, and crossed them with Irish sheep, producing a fleece of mingled hair and wool. But in 1796 he managed to get from the Cape five ewes and three rams derived from the famous Escurial flock, some of which had been presented by the King of Spain to the Dutch Government and sent to the Dutch Colony. It was a capital offence then to export merinoes from Spain, but five years later Macarthur managed to acquire and land five rams and a ewe from the royal flock at Kew, which the King of Spain had given to George III. at the time of the Peninsular War.

II

So there was the foundation of the enormous flocks of merinoes which now feed on Australian pastures. They are the sheep for a dry country, and their wool is the finest of all. In a well-watered paddock at Camden Park I saw a small flock of these original merinoes feeding. They are highly treasured, although the progeny of their Spanish ancestors has been much improved in wool-bearing capacity during the many years they have been pastured in Australia. An

Australian merino stud ram is an animal that could hardly be imagined in England. His fine, fat wool covers him from nose to hoof, and grows on bulging wrinkles round his massive neck. His great, curving horns are almost embedded in it, and sometimes he cannot see out of his eyes. He has been known to shear a fleece of 43 lb.

Macarthur's dream was to make England independent of Europe in procuring fine wool, but he had difficulties to contend with which would have stopped the efforts of a less persevering man. He was making headway on his land at Parramatta, but there was an agitation against the King's officers engaging in pastoral pursuits, and there was trouble among them on other grounds. Macarthur fought a duel, and was sent home to England. Proceedings against him hung fire, and eventually he threw up his commission and returned to Australia as a private settler. But in the meantime, at the instance of the English wool-growers, with whom he had been in communication, he was examined before a committee of the Privy Council as to his wool-growing schemes, and Lord Camden, the Colonial Secretary, ordered that he should receive a grant of 10,000 acres. This was after much negotiation and many rebuffs.

In the year 1788 some cattle had strayed fro

MERINOES.

Sydney and had been found grazing on a spot named the Cowpastures. This was the land which Macarthur shrewdly took up, calling it Camden, after the man who had given him his first solid encouragement. He bought a ship, which he named the *Argo*, and sailed for Sydney with the sheep he had acquired from the King's stud at Kew, and many fruits and plants to experiment with in the new land.

It was on this Camden estate that, after many more vicissitudes and some years of parliamentary activity, he settled down for the rest of his life. He built the fine house which now stands here, but died at the age of sixty-seven, in a small cottage hard by, before it was finished. But he had lived to see his labours in the cause of Australian wool-growing bearing rich fruit, and his plantations of vines and olives growing lustily. He was a man of hasty temper, but of tremendous energy and patriotism, far-seeing, resourceful, and sanguine. He is justly called "the Father of the Colony," for Australia owes an immense debt to him.

III

The famous Cowpastures has suffered much from drought during the past few years. I drove through a gate flanked by a neat, English-

looking lodge, and along two miles of road between brown-looking pastures scattered over with gum-trees. By and by I saw the old, wide, stone-built house on a slight rise, between greener trees, and presently passed through another gate in a rabbit fence and into the vineyard, where the grapes are grown on low bushes, as you may see them in the vineyards of Portugal. Then came the garden, with fine English trees interspersed among those of a warmer climate, and many beautiful flowers. Incessant watering keeps alive this wealth of colour, but the grass is bare and parched.

The house, but for its deep stone-pillared verandahs, is like any English country house of its date, with fine rooms, many of them in suites. It was built by convict labour, and built well, and the convicts made much of the heavier furniture in it. It is full of beautiful and interesting things, and the most interesting are John Macarthur's letters and papers, some of which it is good to know are about to be published by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Macarthur-Onslow, who now lives at Camden Park.

I saw the great orchard, a mile and a half long, the olives which John Macarthur planted, the stud of Suffolk punches, the sheep, and many other things. It is pleasant to think of this old place still prospering, preserving its

relics of the past, and able to hand them on to the future. In the years to come Camden Park, still, it is to be hoped, in the possession of the descendants of its founder, will stand as the one complete illustration of the rise of Australia's prosperity, so troubled in its inception, so triumphant in its development.

VIII

BARREN JACK DAM

I

SYDNEY, N.S.W

ONE of the great needs of Australia is water. On some parts of the coast, especially in the northern tropical regions, the rainfall is phenomenal, in others it is adequate, and in others again, although it may equal the average rainfall of England, its irregularity and the loss by evaporation make it insufficient. And as you get farther inland it shrinks down to a mere nothing. The land is rich, but long droughts prevent vegetable growth, stock suffers, and at times gets decimated; and even when there is rainfall enough to enable a country to carry sheep or cattle, the land is wasted, inasmuch as it will only keep one family where it might keep ten or more.

I have already written about the discovery of artesian and sub-artesian water over a large area of Queensland. These arid regions have

been improved for pastoral purposes, and the State has benefited enormously. But a far closer settlement and a richer reward can be gained in districts where it is possible to apply the system of irrigation by damming up river-courses. Land of which large tracts can only be used for feeding sheep can be made as fertile as the best in England. The growing of lucerne crops, for instance, would enable small farmers to go in for pig-raising, dairying, and raising early lambs for the market. Vegetables and fruit, and particularly potatoes, could be grown profitably, and the land under irrigation would support a population out of all proportion to its capabilities under unaltered conditions. Irrigation in Australia is therefore of the utmost importance, and the Governments of those States whose land is mostly in use, but not in the most productive use, are spending money and brains in furthering it.

II

The biggest work of this kind in Australia, and, next to the Assouan Dam, the biggest in the world, is now being undertaken by the State of New South Wales. After visiting the sites of the federal capital and harbour, I went with the Premier to see the works in progress

at what is called the Barren Jack Dam. This dam is to hold up the waters of the Murrumbidgee, and to distribute them to an irrigation area more than two hundred miles down the river. A whole valley is to be flooded, and the water will be held up to a distance of forty-one miles above the site of the dam wall. This will be 240ft. high. The storage capacity will be 766,324 acre-feet—that is to say, enough water will be impounded to cover that number of acres to a depth of 12in. The Assouan storage is 863,000 acre-feet, and, to come nearer home for comparison, the flooded valley at Vyrnwy, in Wales, which supplies Birmingham with its water, holds only 44,690 acre-feet, or less than one-seventeenth of Barren Jack's capacity. So it is easy to see that this scheme is a very big one, and says much for the enterprise of its promoters.

III

We motored twenty miles from the town of Yass and joined the light railway laid down for twenty-seven miles to carry materials for construction, plant, fuel, and supplies. The gauge is only two feet, and our progress was slow.

We went through grazing country studded

with the lifeless gums which are so monotonous a feature of much of Australia's landscape, and after some miles began to rise and wind about among the rocky, wooded, mountain slopes. By and by, when the little engine, having stopped twice to water, had puffed up to a considerable height, we saw spread out beneath us a wide, fertile valley, with cultivated fields, homesteads, roads, and the sinuous course of the river marked by trees. The wooded declivities hemmed it in on all sides, and narrowed towards its lower end to a sombre gorge. All this rich land has been resumed by the Government, and will presently, with all that the labour of years has done for it, be nothing more than the floor of a great inland lake. Thus have ancient temples on the Nile been inundated, and churches and villages in Wales submerged, to the regret of some and the advantage of many.

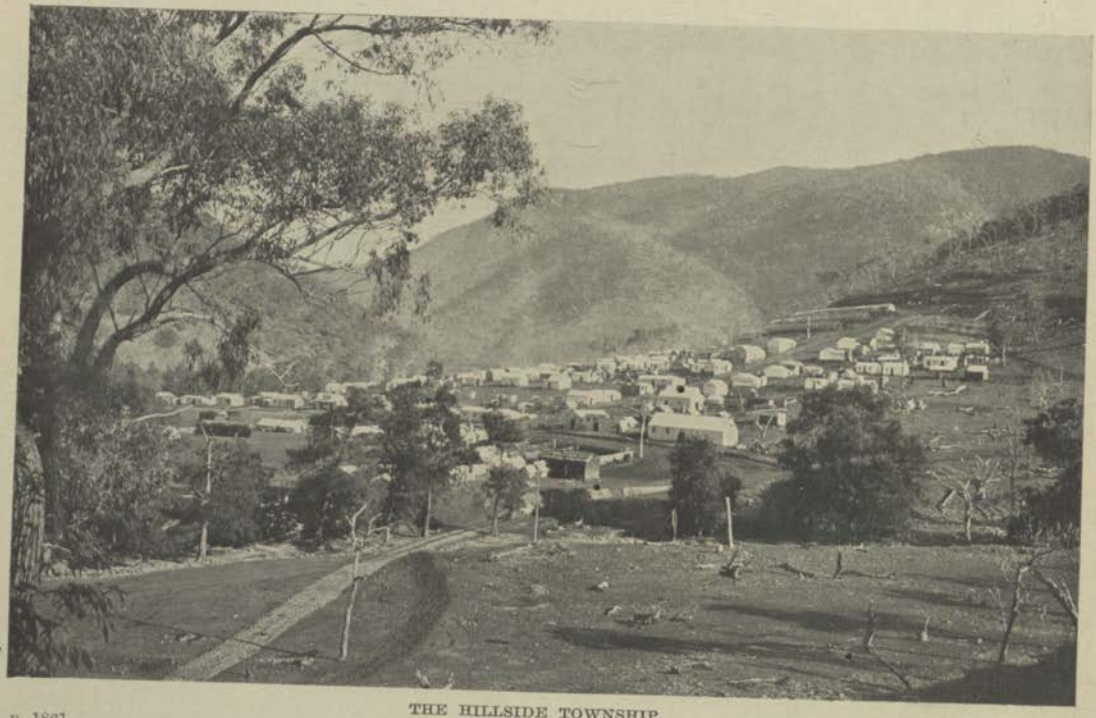
IV

At one end of the valley there is a thriving hillside township. It is quite new, but has an air of permanence. There are comfortable, well-built houses for those in authority, smaller ones for workpeople, churches, a hall, streets, and even gardens well filled with flowers, and it looks up the pleasant valley, which lies far beneath it,

It is difficult to realize that this mountain eyrie will disappear almost completely when the works are finished. The stemmed waters will gradually cover the river flats, and creep up the mountain-side, and only the highest placed buildings of the township will remain on the very shore of the vast lake.

We went for another mile along the mountain-side to where the dam itself is in course of construction. The river here flows in a deep chasm, which gradually narrows to where the mountain called Barren Jack shoulders steeply up into the sky, and another high hill rises on the other side of the river. Both rocky slopes are covered with trees. Barren Jack is only a corruption of the aboriginal name "Buren Youack," whose significance I have forgotten.

The river, which at times of flood rolls a mighty volume of water through this narrow gorge, had shrunk into a petty stream hardly bigger than a Highland burn. It is to regulate the unequal flow of water, which is common to all rivers in Australia, and in other countries where flood and drought alternate, that such works as these are necessary. We stood on a rocky platform, hewn out to carry the sheds for the engineering plant and other constructive work, far above the bed of the river. The men working down below at the foundations of the



p. 186] THE HILLSIDE TOWNSHIP.

dam were dwarfed to doll size. And across the gorge stretched two spider ropes, along which presently came sliding a suspended skip, like a rough wooden tray, in which we embarked, and were carried out into the dizzy air and over to the other side, a quarter of a mile across.

Then we were swung back into the sagging middle of the rope, and dropped down, down to the drained bed of the river. Here huge masses of rock were being embedded in concrete, while the river-water was flowing in a made channel at the side. By and by the cyclopean locked blocks of concrete will rise slowly until the river is blocked, and the thick wall joins together the hillsides. Then the flow of the river will be regulated, and a large area of good land will be made to grow crops which it could never have grown before.

V

When this valley becomes a lake, its surface-area will be two-thirds of the water-area of Sydney Harbour, and the volume of water stored will be half as much again as that in Sydney Harbour. A basin of 5,000 square miles will contribute to it.

It is almost impossible to imagine the difference in the look of the country which this great

scheme will bring about. And yet, so ideal is the site for a dam, that the storage works will cost only about £750,000, and the canals and distributaries about the same sum. And, although work on the dam wall is only just beginning, with a mere handful of men employed at present, it will all be completed and the water made available for the irrigation areas in about eighteen months' time.[1]

The irrigable lands will be divided into about two thousand blocks, which will be available for settlement. The water supplied, in addition to the rainfall, here only averaging a yearly twelve inches, will be ample to promote all kinds of intense culture, and settlers will be encouraged by the Government. They will pay 10*s.* per acre per annum for the water supplied to them.

Once more, as the night came on, we wound down the narrow mountain track and saw the dusky floor of the wide valley stretched out beneath us. In less than two years nothing will be seen here but the shining waters of the huge lake. Thus can man alter the whole face of a countryside and force nature to help him in making fertile land from which she has withheld her own conditions of fertility.

[1] I am informed that part of the Barren Jack Lands will be available for settlement in September of this year.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE DAM.

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IX

DAIRYING

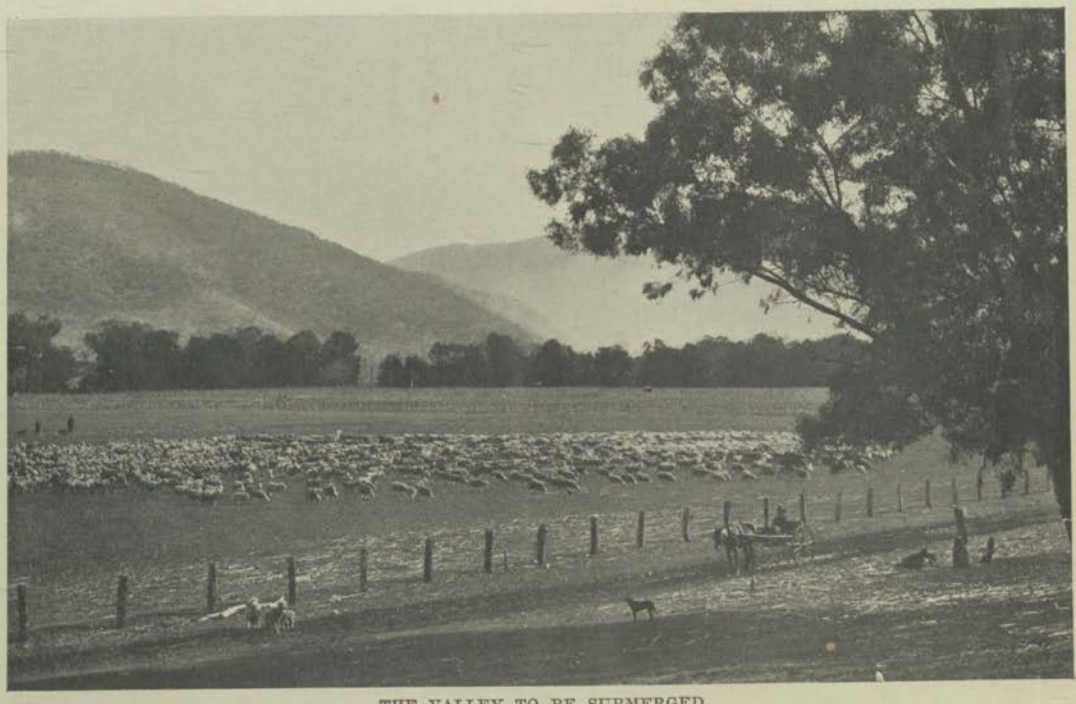
I

Cororooke, Vic.

One of the most remarkable things about this country is the rapid development of new industries on the land. First of all came wool-growing, then the discovery of gold, then the export of frozen beef and mutton, with sugar, and fruit, and wine, and many other minor sources of wealth gradually developing all the time. Wheat-growing has spread enormously of late years, and dairying, which twenty years ago was hardly thought of except for the supply of immediate wants, is now one of the chief industries of the Commonwealth. And it is one of the most valuable, because it settles on the land numerous families, each one of which can make a comfortable, and even a handsome, income, where before there may have been thousands of sheep or cattle, but a mere handful of men and women.

In Queensland I have seen a countryside dotted with dairy farms where six years ago there was not a sign of human habitation. In the northern coastal district of New South Wales, where the cattle wade breast high in pastures of the rich *paspalum* grass, there is a butter factory which has returned to the farmers as much as £60,000 a month for their cream. In Victoria, it is stated by a Government expert, "the dairying industry of the State now produces as much yearly as both gold and wool combined."

This rich western district of Victoria has so gone ahead under dairying that agricultural land now changes hands at £100 an acre and even more. It is the most English-looking part of Australia that I have yet visited. I have motored over some scores of metalled roads as good as there are to be found in England as to surface, and as straight and broad as the roads of France. There are hedges and loose stone walls, as well as timber and wire fences. There are thriving towns with avenues of elms and other deciduous trees; fine country houses, with beautiful gardens; snug farms and cottages; and mile after mile of pasture and arable land. Along the wide grass stretches by the side of the roads you meet or pass large flocks of sheep, with one or two men on horseback or in buggies shepherd-



THE VALLEY TO BE SUBMERGED.

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ing their slow progress. But this is not the country for sheep; they have been dispossessed. The sheep must reign in Australia increasingly on the poorer and more arid soils.

II

Early in the morning the farm carts drive up to the butter factory, each with its load of milk-cans. They pass in turn underneath a hatchway, through which the cans are pulled up by machinery. Each man's supply is measured, and he passes on to where a pipe from the factory returns to his cans 90 per cent. of his measure in skim milk. On this he raises his calves and pigs. Once a month he receives his cheque from the factory. There is no waiting for harvests, and there is no great fluctuation in price. It is a steady, permanent source of income.

Inside the factory everything is very clean and very busy, with a constant hum of machinery. The separators are whirring, and the rich cream comes sliding down channels and through pipes into the tanks and churns. It is heated up to 170° to sterilize it, and cooled down again to 40°. Then it is turned into butter, carried away in wooden trays, cut up, stamped, and packed, and the boxes are nailed up, not to be

opened again till they reach the market, which may be six months hence, in London.

These butter factories are for the most part co-operative, and the farmers are encouraged to take an interest in them. But some are conducted by the State, which in the first instance spent a good deal of money in starting them, and in providing expert advice for those taken over by private enterprise. There are some private ones, where a landowner has cut up a large property into dairy farms; and there are also factories for producing condensed milk, some of it of world-known brands.

The Colne Butter Factory which I visited was started fourteen years ago. Since then it has distributed to the owners and farmers within its radius, which is not more than ten miles, nearly a million and a quarter pounds. And the yearly importation and distribution of gold among the surrounding dairymen is £150,000.

III

There is no surer road to a good livelihood and to ultimate success on the land than the system of dairying as it is carried out in most of the Australian States. Take the case of an immigrant—a married man with a growing family—who was willing to work but had no

capital. He would only have to know how to look after cows and to raise calves and pigs in order to enable him to start straight away.

He would take a farm on the share system. The landowner would provide everything—the land, the house, the necessary buildings, the herd, the plant, and even a horse and cart to take the milk to the factory. The tenant would receive one-third of the profits, and he would get his cheque once a month or once a fortnight. He would provide nothing but the labour, and his expenses would be confined to food and clothes for himself and his family. Food would be cheaper than in England, clothes a little more expensive, but he would need fewer of them. If he were of a saving disposition and had a family large enough to enable him to dispense with outside labour he could put by two or three hundred pounds a year. Besides his share of the factory cheques he would receive from his landlord ten shillings for every calf raised, and his pigs and poultry would be added profit.

But he could make more money still as a tenant farmer, although he would have to pay as much as £2 an acre rent for his farm. There is nothing to prevent his doing so after a very few years. I saw a farm of 240 acres, carrying a hundred cows, the property of the tenant.

He had paid for them and the plant out of four years' work. In this district there are a number of dairymen renting their farms and making an income of £500 a year, or more, after paying all expenses.

And any one can see for himself the signs of prosperity in the good houses of the farmers, the well-dressed children playing about the State schools, the thriving air of the townships that have grown up in connection with the new industry, and the fine places of the resident landowners. For the landowners, too, have made a good thing out of dairying, and deserve to. They worked hard in the first instance to set the industry going, and sank a great deal of capital in cutting up land, building houses, and buying stock and plant.

The only difficulty is labour, and that is why a dairy farmer should be a married man with a family, and farms should not be too big. There is no country in the world where agricultural labour is better paid than in Australia. The minimum wage in all the districts I have visited so far is a pound a week, and everything found except clothes; and dairy labour earns more. But work on a dairy farm is exacting as to hours and continuity, and men employed in it are apt to go off at a moment's notice and leave their employers stranded.

So the Australian dairy farmer dispenses with outside labour as much as possible. He must work hard, and his family must work too. But his reward is out of all proportion greater to that which his work would gain him in the older countries.

X

THE SHEEP SHEARING

I

SYDNEY, N.S.W.

BEFORE Australia had shaken itself free from the stigma which marked its early years, before discovery of gold brought adventurers from all over the world to the diggings, before wheat-growing, or fruit-growing, or dairying, or even cattle-raising had been thought of as potential sources of wealth, the sheep was in possession of the country, and Australian merino wool took its place of supremacy in the markets of the world.

You may visit large sheep-stations within a short distance of all the capital cities, and, without plunging into that free, lonely, happy life of the bush far from civilization, watch all the processes of wool production as it has been carried on here for over a hundred years. The life is not everywhere the same, and the conditions under which the sheep are raised are

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SHEARING.

widely different; but the handling of the wool is much the same everywhere.

All the year's work culminates at shearing time, which begins very early in the north, and ends in the south about November. The shearers work downwards, going from one station to another, on horseback, on foot, or by bicycle. Nowadays many of them have motor-bicycles, for they are exceedingly well paid for their labour. Their rate of pay varies, and is fixed by agreement with their union. At present, in most districts, it is 24*s.* for every hundred sheep shorn, and a good man will shear about 120 sheep in a day.

The shearers live in considerable comfort. In some States the building of their "huts" is controlled by law. They must not sleep more than two in a room; there must be a separate living-room, kitchen, shower baths, and other luxuries, which would make a Kentish hop-picker open his eyes with envy. They have their own cook; they pay him 4*s.* a week each man, and live like fighting-cocks, but no liquor is allowed anywhere. Some of the shearers are small farmers, who supplement their income by a month or two of shearing. Others do little else but shear for half the year. I heard of a man who began shearing in Queensland, and ended, after nine months, in New Zealand,

making £300 clear profit on his work. The Shearers' Union is one of the strongest in the Commonwealth.

II

The shed is usually some distance from the homestead, placed where it can most conveniently command the distant paddocks. Some of the flocks have long distances to travel, and it may take a week or more to drive them into the shed.

Outside the long, low building where shearing is going on are pens full of huddled sheep, with their thick, greasy fleeces. They make no noise, but you can hear from within the whir of the machinery. For nearly all shearing in Australia is done by machines, like coarse horse-clippers, worked by an engine.

Within there is a long line of shearers, each with a sheep between his legs and the clipper going busily. The rich, close wool comes off almost as if it were a skin, without a break, dirty on the outside, where the grease has become clogged with dust, wonderfully clean and soft near to the skin. Each man has a door in front of him, through which the shorn sheep is pushed outside the shed, and a pen behind him, from which he drags the sheep to

WOOL-CLASSING.

be shorn. At one end of the line of machinery is a man sharpening the combs on a wheel. "Rouseabouts," as they call them, are continually passing down the passage between the shearers and the pens with great armfuls of wool. The poorer fragments are put into great baskets, to be gathered up later; the main fleeces are carried to the tables of the wool-classers, who divide them up into qualities—for every part of a fleece is of different value—roll them up, and put them into huge racks. Everything is done very quickly and, to the inexperienced eye, carelessly. But, from classer to shearer, every man is an expert in his own line, and works quickly because he knows exactly how to work. Sometimes there is a call for "tar." A sheep has been cut, and a boy brings a tar-pot, from which a dab is smeared over the wound.

In another part of the shed the wool is being pressed into bales, a man standing in a sort of wooden box as if he were treading grapes in a winepress. By and by the bales are loaded high on to a great wagon, and you may meet them on the road, drawn by long teams of horses or bullocks, on their way to the rail or the river. The flooring of the shed and all the woodwork are polished with the grease from the wool; the sorters and overseers wear aprons over their clothes; the men are dressed in trousers

and thick woollen singlets. A bell rings, and they knock off with one accord for a five minutes' smoke. It rings again, and they go to work as busily as ever, until it is time to knock off for dinner or for the day.

Outside, the shorn sheep, clean and cold, are being driven off in flocks by mounted shepherds. They wander away over the pastures, hardly knowing what has happened to them, so sudden has been the change from winter coats to summer nakedness.

III

One writes the word "shepherd" in connection with sheep, but the shepherd of the Welsh hills, Sussex downs, or Kentish marshes, is unknown in Australia. His place is taken by wire fences, and inside the vast paddocks—many of them out west containing an area of a hundred square miles—the sheep look after themselves. The boundary riders camp on the run, and ride out every week-day to look after the fences. Perhaps they will scarcely see a sheep during a week's work. The sheep find their own feed and their own water. In times of drought they scratch deep in the dusty ground to feed on the roots of the grasses, and when there is no more feed on the bare earth they attack the edible scrub. When that is gone they die in thousands.

WOOL TEAMS ON THE ROAD.

But so fertile is the earth, and so self-preservative have the seeds of the native grasses become after centuries of drought and fire, that a few hours of rain will bring up a green carpet over miles of red dust, and the decimated flocks will begin again to increase and flourish.

So in spite of drought the sheep go on. You may hear plenty of stories in the west of enormous flocks of sheep having been reduced to a mere handful during the last great seven years' drought and of station owners ruined or helplessly in debt. But already the land has recovered. Those who managed to hang on have made up their losses and freed themselves entirely from their load of debt; others have come in and made fortunes since the good time began six years ago; and the trouble now is to know what to do with the old sheep, so fast have the flocks increased. The sheep are still the great asset in Australia's wealth, and more than anything else have moulded the life and the character of the up-country Australians.

XI

MILDURA

I

MELBOURNE, VIC.

I LEFT Melbourne very early one morning and after a railway journey of a day and a night reached Mildura, which is on the border-line of the State, where the River Murray divides Victoria from New South Wales. As we got farther north we came into the district of the mallee scrub. There was nothing but mile after mile of low trees and bushes on a red, dusty soil. Fortunately it rained during the night, and we were spared the choking, penetrating dust which gets in through the most minute apertures and usually makes a journey through this dry, flat country a purgatorial experience.

I heard a good deal about this country on the way, as you do hear things about the country you pass through in Australia if you talk to your fellow-passengers, who are mostly quite ready to talk to you. There were sheep

A WOOL STORE.

runs in it of anything up to fifteen hundred square miles in extent. Across the border in New South Wales, where closer settlement for sheep farmers had been encouraged, it was considered that the ordinary leasehold of 10,240 acres was not enough to support a family. Land had been leased at a fraction of a penny per acre. There had been a proposal to fence in a vast area and leave it to the wild dogs and rabbits and other vermin. The land was not worth troubling about, they used to say. The rainfall was too low; hardly enough grass would grow to feed a sheep in a square mile.

We were all going to Mildura. Most of our company were commercial travellers who had business there. One of them had been to the place first—not on business, for there had been none—about five-and-twenty years before, when it was part of a sheep run and inhabited by a boundary rider and two blackfellows. Now there were over five thousand inhabitants, or about one to every two acres of irrigated land. Land was selling up to £100 an acre, and for the last two years the average annual value of the fruit crop had been £30 an acre. This was what irrigation had done for this desert.

From the usual verandahed Australian hotel

I looked out after breakfast next morning on to the River Murray. It is the greatest river in Australia, had been in flood, and was now going down. It was rolling a respectable stream of muddy water between its low banks, and later in the day a river steamer, for both passengers and produce, paddled up and moored there. They told me she would make only two more trips. After that there would not be enough water for navigation. But there was always enough for irrigation.

Then I drove round the settlement, saw the broad channels and the narrow ones, running here and there through green vineyards and orchards and fields of maize and oats and lucerne; the garden-encircled homes of the settlers; the fruit factories and pumping-stations, and the busy little town with its three clubs, its Carnegie library, its churches and shops, and its wide streets with strips of tree- and flower-planted ground running down the middle of them.

Truly the desert had blossomed like a rose.

II

The history of irrigation in Australia has been a varied one. Victoria led the way, and the pioneer was Mr. Alfred Deakin, then Minister

AN IRRIGATION CHANNEL.

of Water Supply in that State, and now Prime Minister of the Commonwealth.[1]

One of the mistakes made was that the State provided all the plant and all the water, and made it optional for the landowners to use it. No irrigation scheme can pay for itself on these lines. I visited the Goulbourn Valley, where a scheme was set on foot in 1887. It has cost up to date considerably over a million pounds. As we came within the irrigated area I saw the channels full of water running through grass paddocks on which there was no sign of life except here and there a few sheep. By and by there was an orchard, a square of fresh green in a wilderness of brown. The whole of this country ought to be green instead of brown, but the farmers were allowed to use the water when they pleased. In good seasons they used none; in bad seasons they watered their stock. Under such conditions the scheme has been a costly failure.

But all this is going to be altered. It is recognized that the present landowners, prejudiced against the new conditions, will not undertake the sort of cultivation that makes irrigated land pay, and pay handsomely. They are already selling their land and taking up other land, in Queensland and elsewhere, where they can carry on work as they understand it.

[1] Mr. Deakin's party has since gone out of office.

In fact, the population of this area has been steadily decreasing of late years. Now, the intention of the Government is to invite settlers who are without these prejudices, and here is another of those many chances for English agriculturists of which Australia offers so many. Land is being bought up by the Government, and as the large areas come into the market they will be subdivided, and immigrants will have every assistance given them to acquire holdings.[1]

III

So we come back to Mildura, which is the object-lesson of a settled irrigation colony. It was founded, also in 1887, by private enterprise, and went through various vicissitudes, which it is not necessary to enter into here, until it was taken over and financed by the Government. This was in 1895, and since then the colony has attained the height of its prosperity. There is another settled colony at Renmark, lower down the river in South Australia, and adjoining Mildura is a colony in the making, which will also offer facilities to the immigrant.

It is called White Cliffs, and comprises about 5,000 acres, which will be cut up into blocks

[1] See Appendix.

AN ORCHARDIST'S HOUSE ON AN IRRIGATION CHANNEL.

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of from twenty to fifty acres each. I saw a field of maize already growing tall on the experimental farm which the Government has established there. Only a few weeks before the land in which the crop was growing had been desolate, useless mallee scrub. The pumping-station, already in working order, was hard by, and the channels were in course of construction. This land will be open for settlement next season.

Now in these irrigation settlements which are being vigorously pushed on in more than one of the Australian States, and notably in Victoria, lies especially the opportunity for the Englishman, not of the labouring classes—although there is ample room for him too—but for the man with some money, who wants an occupation on the land, but is unsuited to the hard, adventurous life of the bush among cattle and sheep. On his fifty- or sixty-acre holding, which he could acquire on easy terms, he could make a comfortable living, and live in a comfortable house surrounded by his garden and his fields, and within call of his neighbours. Possibly raisin and currant growing, now the stand-by of Mildura and Renmark, will soon cease to bring in the handsome profits which they do to-day, for they are highly protected, and the supply is likely to exceed the home demand. But there

are commodities with a world market which make close cultivation a profitable industry. There are no large fortunes to be made out of such cultivation, but there is a chance for thousands to make a good living among pleasant surroundings.

A HOUSE IN AN IRRIGATION DISTRICT.

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XII

TASMANIA

I

HOBART, TASMANIA

AUSTRALIANS are great travellers. They have to be, where distances are so great. They told me in Adelaide that no one thought anything there of running up to Brisbane on business, and that would mean a journey of three nights and over three days, with a few hours in Melbourne and Sydney on the way. To get to Western Australia means a four days' journey by sea from Adelaide in the other direction. So a continent whose total population is considerably less than that of London is loosely linked up by rail and steam, and its inhabitants make the most of their opportunities, and think no more of a journey of days than Englishmen of a journey of hours.

It is the same with their holiday journeys. They come to Europe, and particularly to England, which they call "home," and love only less than Englishmen, more readily than Americans,

although the journey is six times as long. They can reach America in half the time, but I have never met an Australian who went to America for pleasure alone. They go sometimes to Japan, and they are going increasingly for trips to the Pacific Islands and to the Dutch Indies. But these are all expensive and lengthy undertakings. Nearer home there is only what is contained in Australasia itself, and, apart from their coastal resorts and the beautiful places in the coastal mountains, Tasmania is the favourite holiday ground. It is cooler than the mainland; it has beautiful scenery and some sport; and it is "like England." I believe that those loyal Britons overseas, removed, perhaps, by a generation or two, perhaps by a few years only, but always by half the circumference of the globe from the cherished island from which they or their forbears came, like it best on that account. There are hopfields and orchards, buttercups and daisies, gardens and pleasant stone-built houses, rivers of clear water, English trees and English meadows.

II

I left Melbourne at four o'clock in the afternoon with the thermometer at 107° in the shade, and very little shade to be found anywhere. By the next evening when I reached

THE SAME HOUSE A YEAR LATER.

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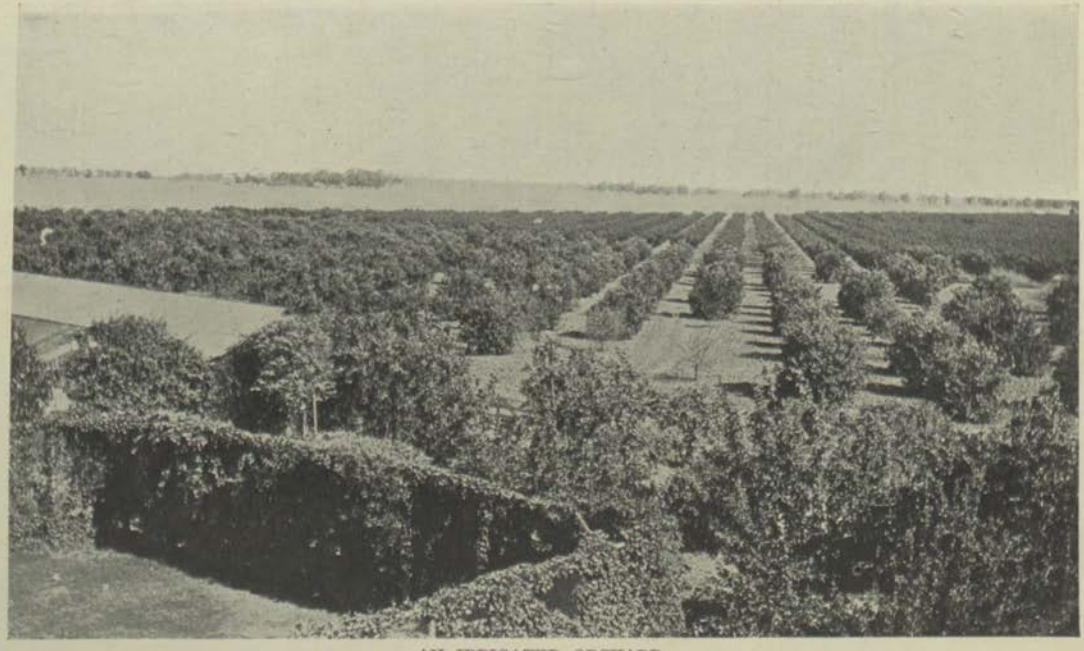
Hobart I had come into a different climate, and was grateful for the wood fires burning in the Tasmanian Club.

I have written nothing yet of the hospitality of the Australian clubs, freely extended to all properly authenticated male travellers. They are residential, and if you are a member of a recognized London club, and have the necessary introductions, you need never stay in an hotel in the capital cities of Australia. The regular members will make you one of themselves for the period of your visit, and in an incredibly short time you have a new circle of friends, and all the rest in the way of hospitality and information and assistance follows.

It was the Christmas holiday time. In the Tasmanian club were several visitors from other States, and among them some schoolmasters and university dons, come to Hobart for the vacation, to play golf and tennis and various other games, and to enjoy themselves generally as they might do at Westward Ho! or North Berwick. There were also one or two men from England who were spending the summer in Tasmania because it is a pleasant place to go to to escape the English winter. Every one told me that for this sort of half-active, half-idle life Hobart was an ideal place and far less expensive than such places are in England.

And when I went through the town the next morning, in the bright sunlight and clear air, cooled by the sea breezes, I thought it a very pleasant little city, with its handsome stone buildings, mostly without the verandahs which are necessary to comfort in other Australian cities, with its wide streets and well-laid roads, its garden-surrounded suburban houses and its beautiful bay with its sandy beaches and tree-crowned slopes. The water on which Hobart is built affects the city in the same way as its harbour does Sydney, and Hobart has a mountain behind it, which Sydney cannot boast of. Mount Wellington is over 4,000 ft. high, which is a respectable height for Australian mountains.

Before I left I lunched at the house of a professor at the university, a house with a good garden, twenty minutes or so by the tramway-car, which passed his door, from the heart of the city, from the university buildings, the club, and the Royal tennis court. Immediately across the road was a bathing-place and harbourage for boats; a few minutes' walk towards the city were the golf links. Rents are not high, and the necessaries of life are cheap. Englishmen with small, fixed incomes might, and do, settle in far less attractive places than Hobart.



AN IRRIGATED ORCHARD.

III

They tell you in other States of Australia that Tasmania is unenterprising. But I found the same interest there in the land and its opportunities as elsewhere. Only it is not the one absorbing interest. You may go about among people who never mention it, especially in holiday time, when Hobart in the south and Launceston in the north are full of tourists, for whose accommodation and entertainment there is certainly no lack of enterprise shown. The Tourist and Immigration Bureau is run by the Government, and is in a very high state of efficiency. Put yourself in their hands, and you can see everything worth seeing; and if you want to hear about the land and the opportunities for settlers you will hear and see all you want.

I was taken in a motor-car to see the orchards in the Huon Valley, and the great timber mills. We wound up the slopes of Mount Wellington, and travelled for miles along perfect roads. They were built by convict labour, and are as good as the best roads in Australia. On either side were the thickly timbered mountain slopes, with gum-trees, alive and dead, grown to a great height. A year or two ago a disastrous bush fire raged throughout this country. Houses

were burnt to the ground, stock was destroyed, and a few people were killed. You see its effects in the gaunt, grey trees standing everywhere among the living ones. But it helped somewhat towards the clearing. Everywhere there were green patches, mostly planted with fruit, from which, when once they are reclaimed from the bush, great returns are gained. With the steep slopes spread out before your eyes, and just those diminutive rugs of bright colour, as it were, thrown down here and there, you realize the labour that goes to the carving out of a home and a livelihood from these heavy forests.

But it is worth the labour. Crown lands can be acquired by the genuine settler at from five shillings an acre, and he is given eighteen years in which to pay off the purchase-money, with a third added for interest. At the time of purchase he pays only twopence an acre, the first and second years threepence, and it is not until he has done the heavy work on his selection that the instalments increase up to a shilling and two shillings an acre. This is for first-class land, of which the price is £1 an acre. But second-class land is the best for fruit-growing, and on a hundred acres, the purchase-instalments of which never come to more than £5 a year, a handsome living can be made. In

MILDURA SULTANAS.

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fact, six acres of good orchard land will keep a family, for the returns are from £20 to £50 an acre. I saw an apple orchard of fifty acres from which the owner's income was £2,000 a year. And although it takes eight years for the trees to come to full bearing, and there are other considerations to be borne in mind, a pleasant occupation in a delightful climate and a good livelihood, if not a large fortune, are assured to any one who takes up fruit-growing in Tasmania.

XIII

ORCHARDING

I

HOBART, TASMANIA

ONE of the industries that have most changed the aspect of Australia in the more settled areas is orcharding. After an absence of over twenty years it was the first thing that struck me on the railway journey between Adelaide and Sydney. It was in the early spring, in the middle of September, which corresponds to March. You went through the monotonous bush for mile after mile, the grass green at that season of the year, but the trees looking to the inexperienced eye all the same—a dull, uniform shade, which one grows very tired of unless it is lightened up by something fresher. And then you would come upon an orchard—a great stretch of pink or white blossom, or a little patch of it beside a homestead, and your eye was refreshed and gladdened.

I have seen orchards all over Australia. In Queensland there are the tropical fruits and most

DERWENT RIVER, TASMANIA.

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prolific orange and lemon groves; and oranges and lemons flourish in the hotter parts of the other States as well. At Camden Park, in New South Wales, the "Father of the Colony," Captain John Macarthur, planted vines and fruit-trees and olives, collected with care and sanguine foresight from many parts of Europe; some of the trees he planted are still growing there, and I was told that the gross return from those orchards in the year before I saw them was £5,000. In Victoria a great deal of fruit is grown, and I have already written about the irrigation colony at Mildura and the other irrigation colonies in course of making. South Australia is noted for its fruit. I shall never forget a week-end spent at a beautiful place on the hills above Adelaide, surrounded by cherry orchards, vineyards on the lower slopes, and everywhere by the side of the winding, hilly roads the pretty, stone-built houses of the orchardists. But I have gathered more about fruit-growing in Tasmania than elsewhere, for it is perhaps the chief industry of this State, which possesses an ideal climate for growing all the fruits of the temperate zone and has for many years supplied the other Australian States with fruit and jam.

II

It was in the fertile Huon Valley, which is within a motor-car drive of Hobart, that I was shown the orchards. The road runs by the side of a broad river, on either side of which are the orchards, and the homesteads and the townships. The valley is well populated, and practically all its inhabitants live by the growing and selling of fruit, although farther up there are the timber mills, which tap a thickly forested country. Both fruit and timber use the broad Huon river for transport. All along the bank are the landing-stages, whence produce and passengers are embarked in the frequent river steamers for Hobart. Poplars and weeping willows grow by the water side. It is a beautiful bit of country. One misses the old cottages, farm-houses, churches, manor-houses, that would make a similar riverside road in England so full of interest ; but the houses are better than ordinary, each with its garden and its orchard, however small, and it strikes you that you would lack few of the amenities of country life if you chose to settle in this fair spot and occupied yourself in its bright and genial climate with tending and culling the fruits of the earth. There would be plenty of room, for although orchards and gardens have taken the place of thousands of

APPLE-PICKING IN TASMANIA.

acres of bush there are thousands of acres more ready for reclamation.

III

It was a public holiday when I went through this country. The townships were almost deserted, and we had to depend upon the boots of a large riverside hotel to forage for something for us to eat about lunch-time. All the inhabitants were enjoying themselves at a regatta. And presently we came to the place where the regatta was being held, at a point commanding two wide reaches of the river, which was alive with the white sails of the yachts under the deep blue of the summer sky. The bank of the river was swarming with people, and almost all of them must have driven there, for there were some hundreds of vehicles drawn up by the side of the road, and horses, hobbled or tethered, seemed to be everywhere. Nothing could so well have betokened the prosperity of the countryside as this almost universal possession of a horse and trap. I doubt if there would have been a quarter of the number in an English crowd of similar constituents. But these people are all well-to-do. There was none among them who was poorly dressed, not one, although all the townships round had been emptied of their inhabitants for the day.

Apples and pears, peaches, plums, apricots, and jam-fruits form the chief orchards of Tasmania, and apples occupy considerably more than half the acreage. The Tasmanian apple is about the best in the world, and now that it can be shipped to Europe without deterioration there is an unlimited demand for it.

IV

Now this occupation of apple-growing seems to me an ideal one for men with a small capital behind them not big enough to enable them to live on. A few thousands properly applied would lead to a handsome income, but it would be folly to embark on orcharding in a big way all at once. As in most of the industries carried on on Australian soil, the best investment at first is not money but time—time spent in learning what to do and how to do it.

The necessary experience, however, gained, how can the prospective orchardist best make a start? If he is young, and does not mind waiting some years for his big returns, he might take up land, clear it, and plant it, growing bush fruit to bring in something while his fruit trees were maturing. There are several ways of doing this. One of them is by taking up what is called a "homestead area," upon which he

would have to reside for five years continuously and make improvements to the value of £1 an acre annually. Supposing he took up fifty acres. He would pay 8*s.* 4*d.* as deposit at the time of sale, and nothing more until the fourth year. The fifth year he would pay £2 1*s.* 10*d.*, and for twelve years thereafter £5 a year. An addition would be the instalments of the survey fee, which would come to 18*s.* a year. No system of purchasing freehold land could well be lighter.

But a far heavier cost is that of clearing and ploughing. This is generally done by contract, and the settler is recommended to allow £15 an acre for having it thoroughly well done, once and for all. It all depends upon the growth of the timber. On some land £6 or £7 would be enough, on others it would be as high as £20.

Then there are the house and the necessary outbuildings to erect, horses and farm equipment to buy, and the trees for the orchard. Good trees on blight-proof stocks cost from 6*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* a dozen, and about 150 to the acre are usually planted, at a cost for experienced labour of about 10*s.* a hundred.

"It may be broadly stated," says the Government handbook from which I have gathered these figures, "that an intelligent and industrious man can earn a profit from ten acres of

orchard much in excess of what he could obtain from ten times the area devoted to any other form of land industry. Roughly, the cost of obtaining the land, clearing, and laying out the orchard, building, and maintaining himself and family until the trees come into bearing would be, for the acreage named, well within £1,000. The returns when the orchard is in full profit, should amount to £400 a year."

XIV

PORT ARTHUR

I

HOBART, TASMANIA

IT was only in the year 1877 that the convict station at Port Arthur was finally abandoned, although during the later years of its existence it held a mere handful of prisoners, and those not of the desperate sort who had given the settlement its name of horror.

The oldest inhabitants of Hobart, and some who are not yet old, remember the convict days very well, and have many stories to tell of them. But it is difficult now for the stranger to realise those days, when the whole Colony of Tasmania was practically under police supervision, when every outdoor and indoor servant, male or female, was a transported criminal, and a large proportion of its inhabitants were men and women on ticket-of-leave. Port Arthur itself, so recently in populous existence as to have been frequently photographed, is now

little more than a mass of ruined buildings, and bears so much an air of the past that, in its beautiful setting, it makes the same impression as the remains of far more ancient days. Though not so far removed in time, the clank of chains, the tramp of heavy feet, the curses, the groans, the sharp words of command, are as completely silenced as the sandalled footfalls and the uplifted chants that echoed in some now deserted, grass-grown cloister of the Old World. The old convict life is as dead as the old monastic life, and the stones that sheltered it have as interesting a tale to tell.

II

It was on a glorious summer morning that I took the steamer to the point on Tasman's Peninsula whence Port Arthur can be reached across a narrow neck of land. We left Hobart behind us nestling under its mountain, and steamed past the shipping in the roadstead, the lighthouse, the islands, and the wooded shores. The heat of the mainland was tempered by the sea breezes, the water was still and blue. How often in days not so long past must the shackled prisoners have looked on this same fair scene with longing eyes and hearts heavier than their chains! Hard by

the landing-place, which we reached after some hours, is the wooden-railed tramway on which the prisoners used to push the trucks for passengers and stores, like beasts of burden, along the seven-mile track to the convict settlement. It runs sometimes alongside the road, sometimes buried in the bush, and half way across is the station where they used to change their human teams. You can read about it in that terrible, but fascinating book, "For the Term of His Natural Life," and about many of the other institutions of Port Arthur.

The hot, dusty drive came to an end at last, and from the top of a hill the settlement lay stretched out before us facing the blue waters of the tree-encircled bay. On its edge were the ivy-covered ruins of a great stone-built church, lacking nothing in the way of picturesqueness. It had been a massive building of considerable dignity, designed by a convict architect, built by convict masons and carpenters. Here the free inhabitants of the settlement, the military and civil forces with their families, had worshipped Sunday after Sunday in company with the men whom they were there to guard and discipline. A lady who had been born at Port Arthur told me that among her earliest childhood's recollections were the clank of chains as the congregation stood up to sing,

the loudness of the singing, and the not infrequent interruptions of the service from the prisoners' benches.

III

The church was burnt down by a bush fire some five-and-twenty years ago, and another devastating fire burnt out the rest of the prison buildings some years later. They were massively built, and the stones stand, but they were all roofed with wooden shingles, which get very dry under the scorching summer sun. During the whole day I was at Port Arthur dense columns of smoke were rolling across the sky from a fire on the other side of the water. Many a time must the prisoners have seen that sight, sometimes much nearer to them, and many a time must they have been summoned to preserve their prisons when the fire-flakes threatened them. But when the last big fire drew down upon the deserted buildings there was no one to save them, and when it had passed there was nothing left but the stones.

We went into the silent cells—deep vaults of stone, where no sound penetrates, and the pitchy darkness often sent men out of their minds. This was in the "model prison," where even the solace of sky and shore was denied

to its unhappy inmates, where chains were doubled in weight, flesh was scored and torn by cruel floggings, food denied, and where in the centre of iniquity was a chapel in which the worshippers were penned into strong boxes just big enough to hold a man and his fetters. Here the priest's ministrations were enforced by loaded rifles, and when the benediction had been given the congregation was marched back, each to his narrow, stone-built cell, hardly bigger than the grave in which he would presently find a refuge from his suffering.

And yet the men who invented and administered these tortures were for the most part just and even humane. Some could even find it consort with their duties to practise unaffected piety, as their letters show.

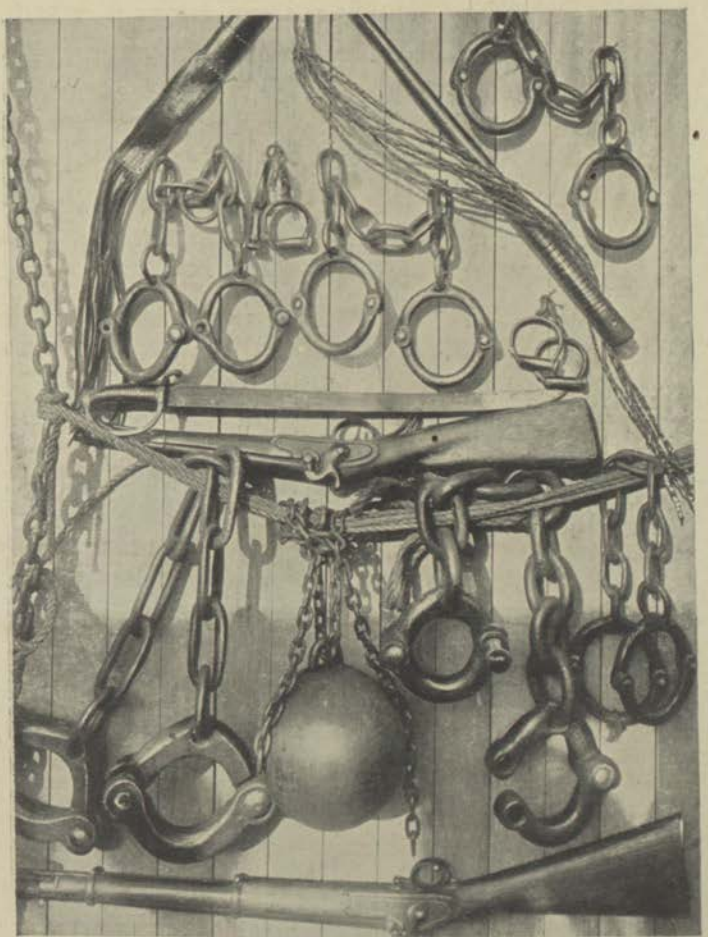
IV

We sailed and rowed across a mile of blue, clear water to the Isle of the Dead. We landed on a sandy shore and made our way up beneath the trees to the graves. Free men and convicts were buried here together, seventeen hundred of them in all. We stepped over the graves of the prisoners, for there was nothing to show where they were, and read the inscriptions on the stones which marked where

the others had been buried. They told sad stories of young soldiers, some of them killed in the exercise of their duties, of their wives, and of their little children, born in the midst of sorrow and despair, and dying without ever knowing a world in which more than half the inhabitants were not walking about in chains.

On a high point of the rocky island were the remains of the grave-digger's hut. It looked towards another point on the mainland called Point Puer, where boys, many of them under twelve years of age, all transported from England for such crimes as children commit, were imprisoned. Two of them once tied themselves together, jumped into the sea, and were drowned, and it is said that it was owing to Queen Victoria that after that the penal settlement at Point Puer was given up. It is now overgrown with dense bush, and there is no sign left of what stood there well within memory of living man.

The grave-digger, who lived here alone among the dead, was a desperate character, and his office was meant as a punishment. He must often have looked across the water under the bright southern moon and seen the lights twinkling about the settlement, which, for all its freight of misery, was a place of some cheer and human companionship. By daylight he would see the long line of tall, white buildings,



CONVICT FETTERS.

the barracks, the penitentiary, the hospital, fronting the blue water, backed and flanked by the dark groves of trees. The governor's fine house still stands on the edge of the bay, with its large garden sloping down to the water. He would have seen behind it the semaphore station, and if he could have read its signals he would sometimes have seen them telling the news of men who had broken their bonds and got away, perhaps to be captured by the bloodhounds on the narrow Eagle's Neck, perhaps to escape that danger and perish in the bush, but very, very seldom to win their forfeited liberty. Most often the signal would mean another grave or graves for him to dig. He would choose his spot, on one side of his lonely territory if it was the fugitive who was shot down, on another if his would-be captor had met his death; and presently from across the water would put out a boat with a coffin and a priest, and perhaps another boat with mourners, and make their way slowly with oars flashing towards him. And as night fell the boats would row back to the lights again, and he would be left with one more inhabitant of the Isle of the Dead to bear him silent company.

XV

WHEAT

I

ADELAIDE, S.A.

IN no agricultural or pastoral industry did I see more striking signs of progress and prosperity than in wheat growing. Australia is fast growing up to her rightful position as one of the chief granaries of the world, and only lack of population and labour holds her back. There are millions of acres of good wheat-growing land still to be had almost for the asking—to be had, at any rate, on such terms that in some places one good harvest will pay for land, seed, implements, stock, and put money in the farmer's pocket. One would hardly believe these things unless one had seen them. But I know of instance after instance in which men who were worth nothing three years ago, but were helped on to the land and worked very hard, have made money so fast, owing to the good harvests, that they are now comfortably off

THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

and even rich. One such man I was told of who after three years has retired worth six or seven thousand pounds.

This was in South Australia, where a vast deal of money has been made during the last few years by farmers who were previously in rather a bad way. The good harvests, of course, have had most to do with it, but much of the prosperity is owing to more enlightened methods of farming, and especially to the use of superphosphates on land which but a short time ago was considered worthless for any agricultural purpose whatever.

I visited the Pinnaroo lands on the borders of South Australia and Victoria, which have been opened up for settlement by the South Australian Government, who have also run a railway there from Port Adelaide. This is what I was told of this district on my way up:

"The necessary area of land was allotted, the railway constructed and opened on September 7th, 1906, since when the success of this settlement has been almost phenomenal. The whole area, which a few years ago kept only about a dozen persons and a few head of stock, and was considered by most persons a worthless desert, is now one of our most prosperous farming districts. The population is estimated at 2,700, several flourishing towns

are in existence, last year (1908) 825,409 bushels of wheat were reaped, and 6,669 acres of crop were cut for hay; a very much larger area is under crop this season, and there are in the district about 3,000 horses and 1,500 cattle.

II

It is the land of the mallee scrub. You pass through mile after mile of flat or gently undulating country covered with a growth of bushes and low trees, growing so close that you could hardly walk between them. To clear the ground by hand, even if it were worth clearing, which before the farmers had learnt to use superphosphates it was not, would mean a prohibitive expense. But a most extraordinary way of clearing it is now in universal use, and it was this that I had taken the long journey to see. This, and the harvesting, and the dealings with the shipped and bagged wheat, and, above all, the wonderful spectacle of miles of wheat-laden land, with farms and townships, and many people living and working on it, where so short a time ago there had been nothing but the dark, monotonous, worthless scrub.

We were told that we should not see this operation, that every one was harvesting. But

we drove out some miles to where we thought we might see it, and were rewarded.

We stood on a rise in the evening surrounded by the uncleared land, and a quarter of a mile or so away saw trees and bushes lying prone over a considerable area. There was no sign of humanity, but presently we heard a man calling to his horses, and accompanying his call a faint crackling like fire among dry sticks. And then on the edge of what you might call by courtesy the wood we saw the trees slowly disappearing, as if an invisible giant were treading them down. We went down a cleared track, and saw the man who was performing this apparent miracle, and how he did it.

He had a team of seven or eight horses hitched in a long line on to an old iron boiler fitted up with rough wooden beams and a long shaft as a gigantic roller. The horses, all on one side of the shaft, stepping over the trunks and branches that strewed the ground closely, dragged the roller creaking and groaning through the trees and the brushwood. And everything went down before it with a monstrous crackling and rending. Trees thirty feet high, with branches as big as a man's thigh, bowed their heads and were torn from their roots as the roller pushed over them; and where there had been a close woodland

growth there was nothing but trees and bushes lying on the ground to wither there. The horses hugged cleverly the border of scrub, and the growth fell in an even swath.

III

In February—not before, for fear of danger to the growing crops—they put a fire through the now dead timber and brushwood which covers the ground. With a "good burn" nothing is left but wood ash, which fertilizes the ground, but sometimes there has to be a "pick up" after the fire has run through.

Now the ground is ready for ploughing. It is still full of stumps, but the Australian plough makes nothing of these. It is an affair of discs or shares up to sixteen in a row, and is drawn by as many as ten horses if it is to plough up that number of furrows. If one of the ploughshares kicks against a stump it is automatically tilted up and comes down again into the soil on the other side. The kick it gives to the stump loosens it a little, and the crop pushing up through the ground does the rest. In three or four years all the stumps have been rooted out of the ground, which becomes a clean, fertile field with no trace left of the bush it has carried for perhaps thousands of years—nothing but

a waving, rippling sea of yellow corn or brown stubble.

The superphosphate is drilled into the ground with the seed, about half a hundredweight of it to the acre, up to a hundredweight for older and heavier land. On poor land it works wonders, as many a thousand acre of once waste country can show; on rich land it is useless. "You might as well spit on the land," said an old Irish farmer to me.

Now the land is ready for the sowing, and the useless desert has taken its place for all time as a producer of good food for mankind. But it must not be worked too hard. It must be fallowed much more than land in countries where there is a higher rainfall. Moisture must be conserved and the best use made of that which the skies do let fall. All these things are getting better understood every year, and the Australian wheat farmer may well look forward to continued prosperity if he takes to heart the lessons that have been taught.

IV

It must not be forgotten that all these golden tales of money to be made by wheat-growing in Australia come from a survey of the conditions under a succession of good seasons. South

Australia's production leapt from twelve million bushels in 1904-5, to twenty millions in the next year, and has kept round about that figure ever since. Western Australia's yield has also increased since that date; but that of the other States has fallen, and the total yield of the Commonwealth decreased from over seventy-four million bushels in 1903-4 to short of forty-four million bushels in 1907-8. This is not taking into account the 1908-9 harvest, which yielded over sixty million bushels; nor that of 1909-10, which is expected to yield some additional millions.

Still, I write of what I saw, and although in South Australia the conditions of weather have been exceptionally favourable, there is no doubt that the largely increased and widely diffused knowledge gained within the last few years has had a great deal to do with a more even success, and holds out hope for the future, whether the seasons are good or bad.

In every State of the Commonwealth there are most admirably equipped and managed experimental farms and colleges. In visiting them you seem to gain, summed up, as it were, all the experience which agriculture has slowly learned all over the face of the continent. The practical farmers, especially those of the older generation, are inclined to scoff at these experiments. How should men of theory, they

say, be able to teach anything to men of experience?

But look what the men of theory have done! It was Professor Lowry, of the Roseworthy College, in South Australia, who initiated the system of growing wheat under superphosphates. It took him a long time to get his theories put into practice. The old rule-of-thumb farmers would have none of them, and it was only when the pupils whom he had trained began to go on to the land that they made way. And what is the result? Thousands of acres of land, which were previously thought useless for any practical purpose whatever, are now growing fine crops, and supporting a comparatively large population.

V

If Australia owes any one a statue it is to Mr. Farrer, who died not long since. He was an Englishman of good family, a schoolmaster, I think, in Sydney, but I have not been able to find anything about him in print, and do not even know his Christian name. He retired, and on a small farm of his own conducted experiments in wheat breeding which have had far-reaching effects all over the continent. His is the "Federation" rust-resisting wheat which embrowns vast areas of land among the yellower

corn, and he was the fountain-head from which invaluable knowledge flowed freely. This is the sort of man he was: The Agricultural Department of one of the States asked him to make certain experiments for them. They were successful, and the Government sent him a cheque for a hundred pounds. He kept a small sum for definite out-of-pocket expenses, and returned the rest. What he did was for the benefit of his adopted country, and the advancement of knowledge. He had no wish to grow rich out of his labours.

It is this spirit—and it is being shown in some degree by all the men who are working towards better conditions of agriculture in Australia—which gives hope for the future. No knowledge or care can do away with the effect of bad seasons, but they can minimize them, and, taking the good with the bad, no Australian wheat-grower should fail, in a course of years, to do well for himself and his generation.

VI

One cannot help comparing the lot of the Australian farmers, especially those whom I saw on the newly reclaimed lands in the mallee scrub, with that of an English farmer, who, often with a considerable amount of capital at

his back, and a lifelong experience, can do little more than live comfortably, and make both ends meet.

The life is harder, no doubt, at first, and the amenities of a substantial old English farm-house, rooted for generations in the fair English country, are lacking. The Australian lives in a tent for a year or so, while he is clearing and fencing, ploughing and sowing. He has no time to think of other things. After his first harvest he may build himself a house, and sometimes it will be a good one, but unless he is rather different from the ordinary run it will be nothing to compare with an English farm-house. Few people in Australia—except, perhaps, the big squatters—seem content to make their permanent homes on the land, or, at any rate, on one portion of it. They are always ready to sell and to go elsewhere. They want to make money, but they seldom spend it in increasing their home comforts. They do not seem to know how to. A business man in Adelaide told me that he was executor to a wealthy farmer who had lived with a family of five on his farm, and his actual cash expenditure had averaged £36 a year during the last two years. This would be on clothes and groceries. He would get the rest of his living off the farm. Startling as this fact may be in the case of a

man who was making a large income every year, it is encouraging to the new settler who wants to save money.

VII

I asked what would be the course for an experienced farmer to pursue who should come out with a capital, say, of £1,000.

He would take up on these new lands a block of 2,000 acres at from 5*s.* to 25*s.* an acre freehold, according to its proximity to the rail and other conditions. He would begin in August or September, and he would first roll down the scrub. This would cost from 5*s.* to 8*s.* an acre, and with a good team of horses or bullocks eight to ten acres a day should be cleared. By February, when burning off begins, he might have half his holding cleared, although many begin with only about 200 acres ready to sow. When the first rains begin in March he would plough and sow from the end of March to the end of May. His capital would be spent chiefly in stock and implements. He would want twelve or fourteen good horses, at a cost of about £400, ploughs, drills, strippers, a motor-winnower, wagons, bags, seed, manure, etc., at a cost of another five or six hundred pounds. But the State Bank, under the Advances to

Settlers Act, will advance him practically pound for pound on his expenditure at a low rate of interest and terms of repayment by instalments of from one to forty-two years; so that a capital of £1,000 will easily carry him over the initial expenditure.

Now, the yield of wheat on these new lands last season was from twelve to twenty bushels an acre, and ran up to as much as thirty bushels, and the selling price, when I was there, was 4*s.* a bushel, with a railway freight of from 4½*d.* to 6*d.* to be taken off, and it was going higher. Take it at fifteen bushels the acre, sold at 3*s.* 6*d.* net, an estimate much below what could be gained in a good season, and the result off the thousand acres we have supposed our settler to have put under crop during his first year would be £2,625. This is no fairy tale, as many a fortunate South Australian farmer could testify.

VIII

"But what of the labour?" you say. Well, the settler must do without outside labour as far as possible. It is scarce, and it is expensive. Farm hands are paid 25*s.* a week and their keep during ordinary times, and during the harvest £2 a week. Unskilled labour is of little use.

A man must be able not only to handle horses, but somewhat intricate machinery, for it is time-saving implements that win such great rewards in the new country.

The settler must be prepared to work like a day-labourer himself. There will be little riding about and overseeing. But if he is so prepared he will only need to employ two hands for a farm of 2,000 acres all the year round, and three during ploughing and harvesting.

So, having made a good start, with average seasons, he may expect to make an income which many an English country gentleman would envy.

XVI

VINEYARDS

I

ADELAIDE, S.A

VINES are grown and wine is made in every State of the Commonwealth; but, despite the fact that New South Wales was first in the field, and Victoria has the largest acreage of vineyards, South Australia is the State in which the manufacture of wine counts for most.

For one thing, the South Australian vines are free from that terrible scourge the phylloxera, which has devastated the vineyards of France and Portugal, and has even gained a footing in the comparatively new plantations of Australia. Extraordinary precautions are taken to keep it out; there seems to be no reason why they should not be successful, and if they are, the industry is bound to go ahead and grow into a very big thing. For the soil and the climate are right, and the vignerons have been learning lessons for many years past, so that you may

meet all about the wine-growing districts men who are making good livings out of a comparatively small acreage, having begun with very little, and worked up to a high degree of expert knowledge. Moreover, the demand for Australian wines and brandies is constantly increasing, so much so that the wine manufacturers have not even now nearly enough vineyards on which to draw, and find it difficult to keep their stock in hand long enough to allow it to mature into something special.

I tasted brandy six years old from one of the large stills. There is very little that is older anywhere; but when the industry fills out I think this Australian brandy will gain a great reputation. Australian wines in general are getting better known every year. It is a pity, perhaps, that they were labelled in the first instance with generic names which hardly belong to them or describe them. But there is no doubt of their purity, and some of them are very good indeed.

II

The history of the foundation of the Colony of South Australia is interesting, and has some bearing on the growth of the wine industry. The man who had most to do with it was George Fife Angas, who spent time and money

without stint in furthering his views. He was ambitious to found a colony which should be peopled with men and women of character and piety, and should be free from the first of any convict strain.

"For the success of this Colony," he wrote in his diary, "I look to God, and to Him will I look. America was founded on that basis by God's people in a tempest; this Colony will, I hope, be raised upon a similar foundation, although in a calm."

One of his chief labours was to assist the emigration of large numbers of Silesian Lutherans, who were suffering persecution in their own country. At one time these people formed a tenth part of the population of the whole Colony, and there are now in South Australia townships in which every name on the shop fronts is German, and German is the common language of the home, although the second and third generations of Australians born are growing up.

III

One such township is that of Tanunda. The small Australian country-town is apt somewhat to depress the English visitor. It is far removed from the country-town and village of older lands, with their picturesque houses and cottages, and

their old churches and close-built streets. It is generally built of wood, and built anyhow, with small regard to architecture, or none at all, and straggles along a broad road, ending suddenly in grazing or cultivated paddocks, or in the hot bareness of the untouched bush. But in South Australia nearly all the houses, large or small, are built of stone, and but for the prevalent galvanized iron roofs many of them have the same air as houses in England. Homes seem more homelike, and the country townships are more like the villages of England, or perhaps still more like the villages of France.

Tanunda is beautifully situated, surrounded by vineyards and a ring of hills. It has a neat, countrified air, with its well-kept gardens, divided from the road by white palings, and its shady trees. Almost every one of its inhabitants is German by descent if not by birth. The churches are Lutheran, and one of them is old, with a flower-grown graveyard in front and a flagged path leading up to its door. I was there on a Sunday, and saw the German farmers from the surrounding district driving their families home after service, and the German *hausfraus* walking the streets with their service-books, dressed in their best. The Germans make excellent colonists, and have taken kindly to Australian life, especially to this business of vine-growing and

p. 246] A VINEYARD NEAR ADELAIDE.

wine-making. Their sons are nearly all naturalized British subjects, and it was only at the time of the South African war, when the sympathies of the German-inhabited districts were with the Boers, that there has been any friction between the two nationalities.

IV

The Château Tanunda stands, a huge, castellated mass, in a commanding position overlooking the corn-lands and the vineyards, which stretch away from it up to the foothills which surround this fertile plain. We went through its great resounding vaults and galleries, which struck suddenly and gratefully cool after the hot glare of the unclouded sun outside. There were long vistas, dimly illumined, of vats and huge casks, stills, padlocked stores, and a fruity, clean, drowsy smell. We mounted to the tower, and looked out over the wide stretch of sun-baked country. The vineyards showed like ribbed green rugs on a brown floor, the corn-fields like brown and yellow carpets, and the distant hills were purple, or, where they were uncleared, a deep, vaporous, amethystine blue. The vines are grown mostly on low stocks, as I have seen them on the hills of the Douro. They look rather like gooseberry-bushes, but some varieties

are trained along post-supported wires. There are very few vine pergolas, nor does it occur to many Australians to decorate their houses with vine-growth, as you may see in the wine countries of Europe. Where this is done you suddenly get, in travelling through the country, a glimpse and reminder of all sorts of delightful things. There is refreshment to the eye and the spirit alike—the sort of refreshment in which, with all its natural beauties, Australia is often lacking.

V

I went to another great wine-making establishment in this Barossa district, founded by a German in 1851, and carried on by his son and grandson to-day—a wonderful place, in which over a million gallons of wine are stored. It was before the vintage, and the machinery for crushing the grapes and the huge vats and tanks for containing their juice were lying idle. But the whole process was explained to me, and I learnt something of how a great business can be built up from small beginnings, what never-ceasing development is necessary to so technical an industry, and how brains and industry both can tell. Brains and industry—you cannot make a success of vine-growing or wine-making without them. It seems to me that you want them

both in this more than in almost any other business. But, possessing them, what a pleasant life it must be in this sunny, kindly land, free from the drawbacks of climate which attach to other parts of Australia.

And there is room in South Australia for thousands more acres of vineyards and for men to tend them.

XVII

GREEN PASTURES

I

SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THERE is no more beautiful part of Australia than that district of New South Wales known as the Northern Rivers. And besides its beauty it has a rich soil, a good climate, and an abundant rainfall. After a ten days' trip, by train, motor-car, and river, in the best of company, I have had to admit that if this part of my experience had been left out, I should have left Australia with impressions quite incomplete, although by this time I have covered thousands of miles of ground in every State of the Commonwealth except Western Australia, which I am to visit on my way home.

We first took the train to Tamworth, in the New England district, a ten hours' journey to the north of Sydney on the line to Queensland. It is about this thriving town that the Government made its first experiment in closer settle-

ment. The Peel River estate of 330,000 acres, held by a company, depasturing many sheep, but supporting a very small population, was partly bought and opened up for mixed farming. There you may see the effect of the Closer Settlement Act in process—the thousands of acres still retained by the original owners as a sheep run, the farms, each of five hundred acres or so, which they have sold themselves, and the farms on land which the Government bought from them and are selling or leasing to new tenants. Land is being cleared of timber, ploughed and sown and reaped, buildings are going up, the little-used bush tracks are being scored by the wheels of carts and buggies, and the whole countryside has been invaded by crops and by humanity, where a few years ago only scattered sheep were grazing.

We were just to escape the other side of this picture of prosperity. The rain came down in torrents, and, the day after we got away, Tamworth and the whole country round it was invaded by the most disastrous flood that has ever been known there. People were imprisoned for thirty-six hours in their upper stories, and the damage that was done to the lower lying lands was beyond calculation.

II

We took train in the middle of the night to Tenterfield, and started at eleven o'clock on our first motor-car journey of 110 miles eastward towards the coast. It rained constantly, but the rain could not destroy our pleasure. The roads were good and the scenery delightful. The country was very green, although it was in the very middle of the summer, when the most part of Australia is burnt to a dry, uniform brown.

We travelled for mile after mile through the bush, up hills and down hills, on roads now straight, now winding. At long distances we passed through a little township or a clearing, with a wooden farmhouse and outbuildings, and cows grazing in the paddocks. There was very little life on the road. Sometimes we passed a coach—a shabby, half-open, half-closed affair, with a team of five or six wiry horses; sometimes a flock of sheep, with men on horseback, who looked as if they had all time at their disposal; sometimes a "sundowner," tramping with his blue blanket rolled across his back and his tin "billy" dangling. Then we came to Lismore, in the heart of the rich dairying country.

Lismore is on the Richmond, one of three

A FARM NEAR DORRIGO, N.S.W.

fine rivers which water this fertile land, and are so unlike the now flooded now almost dry rivers of other parts of Australia. Where the ground is uncleared they flow through a dense semi-tropical scrub of soft-wooded trees, tied and twined about with flowering creepers, so thick that it is impossible to walk among them, and so lightly rooted that the way to begin clearing is to cut a great tree on the outskirts and let it in falling bring down other trees, and so tear a track through the forest, after which the clearers can get in and set to work on the rest.

III

It was sugar that this country grew, up to fifteen years or so ago. And it still grows sugar and maize; but dairying has now become the chief industry. They have introduced a wonderful pasturage—*Paspalum dilatatum*—a thick, succulent grass which gives wonderful feed for dairy cattle. It is not frost-resisting, but there is no frost in this mild, wet climate to matter, and miles and miles of fat pasture are sown thick with this vivid green carpet. In ten years—from 1898 to 1908—the area under grass in this district has risen fivefold, from 102,947 to 504,050 acres, and is still increasing; and there is a decrease of over twenty thousand acres under

crop. In 1897 there were 81,836 dairy cows in milk on the north coast; in 1907 there were 209,145—an increase of 155 per cent.

We visited the famous Byron Bay butter factory, certainly the largest co-operative establishment of its sort in the world. The farmers bring their cream here, separating it themselves at home, and four or five hundred cases are received daily and turned into about sixty tons of butter a week. There is also a department for dealing with the dairyman's friend the pig. Five hundred are killed here every week and turned into bacon and sausages, and other things. The last monthly cheques distributed among the farmers when I was there had amounted to £68,000. Such prosperity has dairying brought to this part of the world.

The township at Byron Bay is not particularly attractive—few new Australian townships are; in fact, it is rather a blot upon a place of great natural beauty. There is a bay facing the blue waters of the Pacific, ringed round with shelving, white sand, behind which the rich, green, undulating country stretches inland, half pasture, half tropical jungle. I shall never forget the lazy afternoon we spent there, bathing in the surf, sitting on the jetty, and walking along the sands by the sea. It was the height of the Australian summer, but the air was fresh

A DAIRY HERD IN THE NORTH COAST DISTRICT, N.S.W.

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and cool. This coast is delightful as to climate. The average shade temperature ranges from 62°. to 66°., and the difference between the mean summer and winter temperature is only 24°. The rainfall goes up as high as eighty inches in some places, but it rains heavily when it does rain, and fine weather is the rule. A dairy farmer's life is no light one, but under such circumstances, and with money coming in so regularly, it is one for which not a few people would be willing to exchange their own.

IV

We went on that evening to Murwillumbah, a good-sized town prettier than most, and the next day took steamer down the river to Tweed Heads. It rained a good deal, and the distant hills were veiled in mist, but the banks of the broad river gave us plenty to look at. The scrub was mostly thick, of all varieties of green, and twined about with gay-flowering creepers. Every now and then there was a clearing with a patch of maize, or sugar-cane, or a cow pasture. We stopped at various landing-places, where the cream cans stood in rows on little wooden piers, and a cottage or two clung to the bank above them.

At Tweed Heads was a small but flourishing

watering-place, used mostly by people from Brisbane, for it is within a very few miles of the Queensland border. Here again were the blue sea, and the white sands, and the backing of green country, most beautiful. Of all the places I visited in Australia this district of the Northern Rivers of New South Wales struck me as one of the pleasantest, and potentially if not even already actually, one of the richest. It will do itself full justice, like so many other places in Australia, only when it gets the population for which it is crying aloud.

XVIII

TIMBER

I

PERTH, W.A.

THE trees of Australia are of many kinds. Here are the names of some of them which yield marketable timber: Jarrah, karri, tuart, blackbutt, wandoo, mallet, morrell, gimlet, jam-wood. To the stranger there is little variety in them; they are all evergreen, of the same rather dull hue, and in the distance they take on a lovely colour of warm, vaporous blue, which makes a far Australian forest view like nothing else in the world. At first you call them all simply gum-trees, and only when you have seen many different kinds of bush and scrub do you learn to distinguish.

It was not until I had spent some months in the Commonwealth that I saw the flowering gums of Western Australia, which are covered with bunches of feathery blossoms, white, coral, rose, salmon pink, blood-red. Their beauty was

a startling surprise, although I had learnt by that time to love the eucalyptus and to find infinite variety in it.

It was in this State that I saw something of the timber industry, which also flourishes elsewhere. But the jarrah and karri which grow in Western Australia are perhaps the best known of the famous Australian hardwoods. Many of the London streets are paved with them; they are invaluable for harbour, dock, and pier work, for they resist the attacks of the teredo, and they are imported all over the world as railway-sleepers and for other purposes.

II

The great costal forests begin not many miles distant from the capital city. I went up in the afternoon to Jarrahdale, thirty miles from Perth, and stayed the night in a pleasant bungalow, which the great timber company that works the concessions in that country keeps for its officers and guests. There were a disused mill there, for the felling and cutting have now pushed farther into the forest, a manager's house, a school, a store or two, and a few houses scattered about on the hilly, red ground. Jarrahdale was an important place in the early days of timbering, and is now a very pleasant one, and

a scene of great beauty in the spring, when the grass is green and the ground gay with a carpet of flowers—those lovely Western Australian wild flowers, which grow nowhere else on the continent nor in the world. Here begins the company's 350 miles of private railway, which brings the timber down to the Government line for transhipment at the port, and the next morning we went out twenty miles or so through the forest to where the trees were being felled.

The line took us all the way; it is laid wherever it is wanted. We passed old camps by the way—rough wooden frameworks of huts, among the trees and the low brushwood, and the curious "black boys"—a trunk, a single tuft of green, and a spearlike rush sticking out of it. By and by we came to tents inhabited, fluttering clothes-lines, and in a clearing a portable school-house and master's house by its side. There is a large nomadic population in the million and a half acres of forest land controlled by this company. The men follow the fall of the tree and settle down now in one part of the forest, now in another, with their horses and goats, some of them with their wives and families; and the State treads on their heels and sees that their children are properly educated, even in the heart of these deep and remote woodlands.

III

There among meaner trees stands a giant of the forest eighty to a hundred feet high. Two men with bright axes swinging unerringly cut out a deep horizontal wedge on the side on which it is to fall. Then with a long two-handled, pliable saw they attack it on the opposite side. The teeth eat out the red sawdust, farther and farther into the trunk, and still the mighty tree stands as it has stood for a hundred years, waving its branches against the deep blue sky. It is nearly sawn through before it gives a little creak of dismay. Watching the boughs far above your head you see them shift ever so little, then move slowly, slowly through the air until, gathering force, the mighty leaf-crowned pillar swings in a wide arc, and with a roar and thunderous crash takes the ground, dead—a tree no longer; only a log.

In a very short time boughs are chopped off, the bark is stripped, and the branching head is severed from the trunk. Then come the stout horses kicking up the red dust in a cloud, and with chains and levers the log, which may weigh anything up to twenty tons, is hung up between the two eight-foot wheels of the "whim." One man can do it, with the help of his horses, and in a very few minutes. Well within half an

hour from the time when the tree was standing there untouched, the log is being drawn down the dusty track, its butt trailing on the ground, to the siding and the trucks. The horses know their work. They have no reins. The men guide them by word of mouth and with their long whips.

At the siding an engine is working. It does nothing but let out and draw in a wire rope with a great hook at the end of it, and by these simple means the logs are loaded on to one, two, or three trucks, according to size. This is expert work, although it looks so simple. If the trucks are not properly loaded they will be derailed on their journey.

IV

Then we took the rail again and drew a long line of laden trucks into a great mill, which was full of the grinding, shrieking fury of saws, and fine red dust. A sawmill from one point of view is a place of straight lines and rectangles. Everything that passes through it is squared up to the uttermost of its capacity, and all its multitudinous machinery is nicely constructed to that end alone.

There is a wonderful, human-like machine which puts out a sort of steel claw and picks and pushes a giant tree trunk into just that

position on a rolling table in which the whizzing, teeth-edged discs of the saws will snore and scream their way through the length of it; and again and again, to and fro, until the trunk is divided up into huge boards in strict and unerring parallels. This machine will poke and prod a trunk, which a score of men could not stir a hair's breadth, as if it were a rolling pin. It seems to work sentiently, and sometimes to be irritated with the log, sometimes to be jeering at its cumbrous inertness, as if it knew that when wood meets its enemy, steel, it is entirely helpless.

Outside the mill are the long stacks of boards and beams, built up carefully piece by piece so that the air can penetrate through them and season the wood. The sun bleaches the deep, rich colour out of them, as it will out of all timbers; but if this wood is used indoors it keeps its hue, and it is being increasingly used for decorative and cabinet work. In many European buildings you may see stout pillars of carved and polished wood which were once trees growing in the hot, shadeless Australian forests, or panelling that has been split from their trunks by the whirring saws of the red-dusty Australian mills.

XIX

KALGOORLIE

I

KALGOORLIE, W.A.

WHATEVER ideas you may have formed of a great mining-camp, drawn from Bret Harte or the tales of the early Australian gold diggings, will be upset on your first introduction to Kalgoorlie. You have travelled 370 miles from Perth, dined, slept, and breakfasted in the train in as much comfort as if you had been travelling in England or France, and you find yourself in a prosperous, but apparently not overbusy, provincial town, with broad streets, tramways, churches, good hotels, shops, and the usual well-appointed, hospitable Australian club-house, where you may read most of the London papers within a month of their publication, or look on from a comfortable chair at a game of bowls played on a perfect green under rows of electric lights in the cool of the evening.

The streets of Kalgoorlie are not paved with gold, although it is one of the richest gold-fields in the world. They are covered with a fine, red dust, which blows about very unpleasantly in the hot weather. But yet you may see, as I have seen, within actual touch of the pavements, some enterprising adventurer shaking the red soil in a cradle and extracting from it enough of the precious grains to make the labour worth his while; and there are shafts sunk in the very middle of some of the streets, though not the most frequented.

But the town has for the most part settled down to an ordinary, well-organized industry. A great tide of civilization, respectability, steady, responsible work, has washed away the rough make-shifts of early days, the adventure and the wickedness, the fierce ardour and reckless profusion. The mine managers draw large salaries and settle disputes with the trade unions to which their men belong; the Stock Exchange keeps business hours in a handsome building, and no longer buys or sells from eight o'clock till past midnight in the open air; the gold escort no longer clatters off with horses and rifles on its long journey through the waterless bush, but watches a safe in a railway van; the women and children no longer sleep in tents or live in a constant, laborious,

dreary picnic, but in trim villas with pretty gardens, go to school, and to church on Sundays, show their smart hats and dresses at the pretty racecourse, where the grass is kept green all the year round and flowers bloom in profusion round the lawns and about the stands.

II

But if you climb up to some point of vantage and look over the town you see that it is not like other Australian country-towns. It spreads itself widely over the flat, red plain. There are no tall buildings; but iron chimneys, well stayed, rise high above the roofs, gigantic, timbered, poppet-heads stand over the mine shafts, huge mounds of "tailings," still retaining some of their gold, some of them with truck lines laid on them, are heaped up as high as if Nature had heaped them there. The houses thin out towards the outskirts and seem to have been dumped down anywhere on the red soil—little white shanties with no sign of green about them, and a few better ones here and there with pepper-trees and little gardens. The eye takes in the long lines of stacked firewood for the furnaces—no coal is used at Kalgoorlie—the iron skips loaded with ore drawn along the overhead wires, and the empty ones going back to the

mines alongside them. The low, blue-grey scrub closes in on every side a limitless level of monotony, broken only by a few low hills, holding out no promise, no refreshment to eye or spirit. It is as if Nature had tried to cover up her buried treasure with the shabbiest of carpets, so that covetous man should never suspect that in this dreary spot out of all the beautiful places in the world he could find anything worth the finding.

We put on old, stained suits of khaki, took our stand in the narrow cage and dropped 1,350 feet down the boarded shaft, the higher tunnels of the mine, now jet-black caves, now dimly lighted, flashing past us. We lit candles and went along the rough-hewn passages—there are many miles of them in the different levels—from which the ore had been extracted. They were roughly roofed, and held up by huge timbers here and there, and the narrow tramway line ran along their rocky floors. At the end of one an hydraulic drill was pounding and thundering at the hard rock, making holes in which the blasting powder would presently explode and loosen the ore. Muffled reverberations from distant galleries told that the dark mine was full of workers. But there was nothing to show the inexperienced visitor that the rich gold was all about him—only rough

lumps of grey stone with sometimes a dull, lead-like glimmer where the rich telluride conceals its 30 or 40 per cent. of precious metal. But sometimes the ore is so rich that it is brought up and lodged in safes just as it is, and I held little pieces in the hollow of my palm that contained each seven or eight pounds' worth of gold.

III

We went into the crushing- and roasting-mills afterwards. They are full of fine grey dust from the crushed ore, the grinding and clangor of the mills and the heat of the furnaces. The ore goes through a score of processes before the gold is extracted from it. It is ground and reground, roasted in slow furnaces that never go out night or day, mixed with cyanide solutions, passed in a dirty brown solution through boiling and agitated vats, put through filter presses, and then passed into the locked and guarded precipitation house.

Here are rows of locked lead vats, filled with tangles of hair-like zinc fibre, on which the gold is gradually precipitated. The vats are cleaned up once a month, and a black, pulpy slime, now very near to pure gold, is left. It is further filtered and pressed, and becomes a flat black

cake; put through the roasting-oven and taken out a fine dry powder; put into a pear-shaped receptacle of plumbago in the tilting furnace, and tipped out again in buttons of gold. Then it is refined in a still smaller furnace, and poured into bar moulds.

So at last one after the other the precautions that Nature has taken to disguise and safeguard her chief treasure have been attacked and conquered, and the tortured rock has yielded up the wealth deposited there at the beginning of the world. She has been beaten by man's ingenuity and slow progress of knowledge. There is no way in which she can hide up her gold but man will have it.

IV

In the early days of the Western Australian goldfields water was more precious even than gold. There was very little to drink and none to wash in. But the whole field lies on a salty soakage, and very soon after the first rush vast condensers were working to produce distilled water. But this was at best a miserable makeshift, and at last a great enterprise was set in hand to give the now large population of the fields a satisfactory water supply. It is a scheme that any country might be proud of having put

through. A practially limitless supply of water is conserved by a weir twenty-three miles from Perth, and thence to the goldfields, a distance of 350 miles, it is carried in steel pipes, five million gallons of it a day, and distributed everywhere it is wanted. You see the great 30-inch pipe running alongside the railway on your way up to Kalgoorlie, and every now and then pass a pumping-station, with a little settlement round it, in the heart of the bush.

This was the last great attack on Nature's defence of her treasure, and now she has capitulated, and is yielding up gold at the rate of millions a year.

APPENDIX

IRRIGATION IN VICTORIA

During the last twenty-five years the Government of Victoria has spent £3,500,000 in the construction of irrigation works. They command for irrigation over 1,000,000 acres, and give a stock and domestic water-supply on over 6,000,000 acres.

In order to obtain settlers for these irrigation areas, the Government in 1910 dispatched a Delegation to Great Britain and America, the purpose of which was to secure desirable settlers for the Victorian irrigated areas.

This Delegation consisted of the Hon. Hugh McKenzie, M.L.A., Minister for Lands; Dr. Elwood Mead, M.I.C.E., Chairman of the State Rivers and Water Supply Commission, and Mr. R. V. Billis, of the Department of Water Supply and Agriculture.

The Delegation's efforts have already resulted in remarkable success. Already from Great Britain alone 1,300 applicants, with their families, have applied for irrigation blocks in Victoria. These applicants have a total capital of £230,000. The majority of them, or their representatives, have already sailed for Victoria, and many are now settled in the irrigation areas. Those who settled in Victoria before the end of 1910 are already making profits from irrigated agriculture.

In addition to the settlers secured in Great Britain, a

large number from Western America have applied, and some of these are already in Victoria.

The Government estimates that during the next twelve months all the available land commanded by the present water storages in Victoria will be taken up. The State is therefore undertaking further immense storage works, and it is hoped that in the near future additional large tracts of irrigable country will be offered to settlers.

The terms on which the irrigation land is offered to settlers are exceedingly liberal; thirty-one and a half years are given to pay for the land; the Government will erect houses for settlers, and give fifteen years to pay for them; it will also loan to settlers up to 60 per cent. in cash of whatever they may expend on improvements to their farms; it will loan up to 80 per cent. of the cost of settlers' passages to Victoria; and the State gives free expert advice to new-comers on the approved methods of irrigated agriculture.

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